

DECEMBER 12, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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LETTERS

Holmes Revisited

Sir:

Few things in your magazine have been more sane than the very accurate appraisal you give [Sept. 21] of the role of the late Justice Holmes as an opponent of order. The ridiculous pedestal on which modern skeptics and relativists . . . have put the master of "humbug" deserves to be toppled . . .

WILLIAM L. MAIER

Webster, N.Y.

Sir:

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes will be honored for his opinions long after the editors of TIME stop foisting their opinions upon their readers.

MORRIS FRANKEL

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

. . . Justice Holmes actually believed and practiced what all judges of the Court have always professed, namely, that the Supreme Court is not a super-legislature, passing on the policy or wisdom of legislation, state or federal, but only on its conformity with the Constitution. The cause of liberty, of that social morality which we call justice, had his firm and unwavering support. He stood for freedom of thought and speech even though the freedom sought to be maintained was that of the poor and the obscure . . . All this is good American doctrine . . .

WALTER L. NOSSAMAN

Los Angeles

Sir:

I protest when you say: "Every year the free world sees more clearly that the appeal of Communism is not so much to the belly

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME INC., at 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class postage January 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$12.00; 3 yrs., \$15.00. Air-speeded editions: Hawaii, 1 yr., \$8.00; Alaska, \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Venezuela, Central Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

Subscription Service: J. E. King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to TIME INC., 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Change of Address: Send old address (exactly as imprinted on mailing label of your copy of TIME) and new address (with zone number, if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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as to man's appetite for order—an end to contradiction and chaos." You are officiating at the burial service of Democracy. For contradiction and chaos are the essence of Democracy. When they die, Democracy dies with them; the baby is thrown out with the bath water. Unity, yes; uniformity, no . . . Let's keep our contradiction and chaos, even at the cost of consistency if necessary . . . I would rather go to hell with the banner of contradiction and chaos before me than be frog-marched into heaven under the mean whip of consistency. Because then, at least, I would go to hell a free man.

IRIS HARVEY

Shirley Hill
Brailsford
Derbyshire, England

Sir:
Congratulations on your excellent article, "A Clearer Voice?" . . . How much farther must American jurisprudence travel on a "restricted railroad ticket" before the impact of the tragically fallacious attempt to separate law from morality is fully understood?

GEORGE G. LORINCZI

Milwaukee

Atomic Boss

Sir:
. . . I sincerely believe we are all extremely fortunate to have such a man as the boss of our atomic weapons program [Sept. 21]. Our so-called security and civil defense systems . . . are still "a big joke" . . . We must be "educated" to realize we're on the verge of complete destruction, the atomic clock is running out of time, and it's now or never! . . . My personal recommendation is that we . . . arm to the teeth with super-bombs and attack the Russians first . . .

VAN B. RUSSELL JR.

Civilian Personnel Division
Air Force Flight Test Center
Edwards Air Force Base
Edwards, Calif.

Sir:
. . . You make repeated mention of the "vague hopes" and the "moral confusion" of Mr. Lilienthal, Dr. Oppenheimer, and other Americans who share their views regarding the use of the thermo-nuclear bomb. By "vague hopes" you appear to mean the hope that another war can be avoided, and by "moral confusion" the belief that it is wrong to use such destructive power as the bomb affords.

The hope is not at all vague, and the morality not at all confused. The necessity that may some day force us to use the bomb will not make it right, and until war is actually upon us we shall surely be wrong in not pursuing wholeheartedly every decent means to its avoidance . . .

W. A. LANE

Greensboro, N.C.

Sir:
. . . Your article states that the radioactive dust scooped up by U.S. bombers was floating westward over the Pacific from Siberia. This may come as somewhat of a shock to you, but confidentially, the Pacific Ocean lies east of Siberia, not west.

BENJAMIN W. DAVIS
Captain, U.S.A.F.

East Lansing, Mich.

Episcopalian Dignity

Sir:
Re President Eisenhower's remark that Episcopalians "are too darn dignified" [Sept. 21]; as a "too darn dignified" Episcopalian who voted for Mr. Eisenhower with the hope that he would, among other things, restore some semblance of dignity to the

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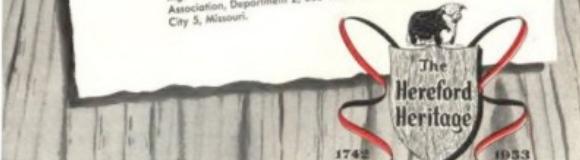
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presidential office, I was sorely disappointed to learn that he would speak disparagingly of any denomination.

JOAN HARMANSON

Houston

Sir:
A non-denominational Christian finds Mr. Eisenhower's quoted remarks a curious example of presidential manners . . .

NINA BURR

Elizabethton, Tenn.

Sir:
Being an Episcopalian, I would like to comment on the President's remark, but I'm "too darn dignified" to do it.

W. S. CHRISTIE

Indianapolis

Controversial Conversationalist

Sir:
Your review of Mr. Hutchins' *Great Conversation* [Sept. 21] points up the end of an era. Adler and Hutchins were the great revolutionaries of philosophy at a time when it had reached a low ebb, flying against the strong winds of experimentalism, their banner of Platonism called the unbeliever to return to the ancient modes of thought. Standing almost alone at times they did us and the country a very real service.

Now however, since most of our modern philosophers have turned from a headlong flight into change for the sake of change, the leadership of Adler and Hutchins seems puny indeed. It is now universally recognized that one must know what Plato said, but one must also know how much of it is the purest kind of tommyrot . . .

CLAUDE W. FAWCETT

San Mateo, Calif.

Sir:
I wonder if anyone is more profoundly confused, in this century of profound confusion, than Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins is concerning the goals and functions of education?

What Dr. Hutchins is really advocating . . . is a return to educational escapism, wherein education becomes an end in itself, is totally severed from all worldly connections and relationships . . .

"The doctrine of adaptation," complains Dr. Hutchins, "has won the day." Which breed or variety of adaptation? . . . Suffering one's problems is a form of human adaptation . . . Solving one's problems is an adaptive process also . . . We are living in a brighter, better age—age when most, if not all, of our problems have fairly obvious solutions. We have entered the age of adaptation by problem-solving; and have largely abandoned the ancient age of adaptation through problem-suffering.

EARL C. FRENCH

Nogales, Ariz.

Sir:
Dr. Hutchins is not only living in an ivory tower, he has sealed himself in with ivory bricks, using ivory mortar, until he is completely isolated from the world . . .

R. THOMAS MYERS

Golden, Colo.

The Prisoner's Lot

Sir:
My heart goes out to anyone who has suffered the bevelment of Communist imprisonment. But the Major General William F. Dean [Sept. 14], and the hundreds of officers and G.I.s who had the faith and hope in God and their country and the personal courage to defy the Communists, many even unto death, all glory and honor! Compared

CHECK LIST FOR PEOPLE WITH LIFE INSURANCE

- * Does your Insurance Company have your correct name and address?
- * Are premium notices being received promptly?
- * Does your beneficiary know where your policies are kept?
- * Are your children provided for in your insurance?
- * Have any of the beneficiaries changed their names?
- * Have there been any changes among other dependents?
- * Have you named a contingent beneficiary or beneficiaries?
- * Have you any loans on any of your insurance? If so, have you availed yourself of plans for convenient repayment?
- * Have you any policies which have lapsed that might be eligible for reinstatement?
- * Have you taken advantage of policy provisions to have your insurance paid as a monthly income?
- * Have you made provision for income in the event of sickness or accident?
- * Are you covered under the Social Security Act? If so, do you understand its provisions? Do you know the amount of the benefits to which you and your family might be entitled?
- * Should any of your insurance be designated specifically for paying off a mortgage; supplying educational funds; providing a retirement income, etc.?
- * Is your family (or other beneficiary) familiar with the objectives of your Life Insurance program?

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Listed above are some questions which you may apply to the Life Insurance you have in force. These will help you to decide whether or not your program is up to date.

It may well be that in order to find satisfactory answers to these questions you will need technical assistance. Any qualified Life Insurance agent will be glad to offer this assistance, but it would be wise to get in touch with the agent who originally helped you develop your program. In fact it is advisable that you review your program with you every year or so. Agents and companies welcome the opportunity to render

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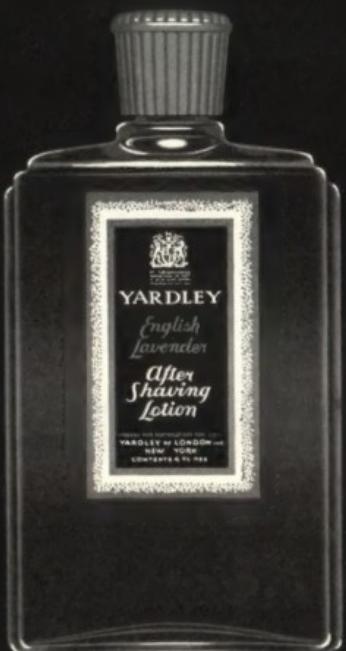
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to them, William Oatis, "convinced that my only hope lay in playing their game" [Sept. 21], makes a poor showing.

VIRGINIA R. STUART, Providence

Trigued or Tressed?

Sir:

Garding Lost Positives [Sept. 21], Cord's lightfule proach to pressing English vides a tremely citng and dividually new cept. Am trigued with his initiatice. Trust my terpretation of ceprts in your story is cise.

JOHN W. BENNETT

Shelton, Wash.

Sir:

Re David McCord's Lost Positive Restoration—I'm afraid most of us are too rudite to get that stuff!

G. M. KINGMAN

Oxnard, Calif.

Sir:

David McCord's hobby is esting and triguing. However, I'm clined to think such words as *judgent*, *peentice*, *fangled* and *presion* are Bare Roots rather than Lost Positives.

D. A. HUBER

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Sir:

Dear me, how clever of Mr. McCord to turn out such "Lost" Positives as *licit*, *iterate*, *fulgent* and *fangled*. . . All of them are in my Webster, and most of them not uncommon in literate circles. [Let] Harvardman McCord . . . heed this monition.

JACK L. HOFFMAN

New York City

Sir:

. . . I am turbed, tressed, and grunted.

RICHARD T. WEIDNER

Bound Brook, N.J.

Sir:

. . . I know a young lady who's strung—A little more un than high. She often seems daunted In the face of the wondted, But her manners are ruly and her hats are set wry.

MRS. R. D. HARRITY

Indianapolis

Visions & Revisions

Sir:

Will you allow me to correct some serious misunderstandings that, mostly through my own fault, found their way into your review of my book, *The Renaissance* [Sept. 28]? When in 1917 I wrote *Transition*, I thought of it as a novel, called it so, and named the central character John Lemaire. While I was in Greece the book was mistaken as an autobiography, and I returned too late to correct the error. Later I consented to have it called "a mental autobiography," which it is; but there were some incidents in the story that never happened to me physically, like the explosion of the Anarchist bomb . . . The Anarchists looked down upon me for being only a Socialist. The Socialists in their turn excommunicated me.

I hailed the Russian Revolution in 1917 with an enthusiasm for which I offer no apology. After visiting Russia in 1932, I wrote a series of articles (published in a book formal *The Tragedy of Russia*) which describes the Soviet system as a tragic betrayal of the ideals of our youth. I have been a pet peeve of the Communists ever since.

As to the transient atheism of "John Lemaire," you will find that the term hardly applies to [my] views . . .

The nonsense ascribed to me—that "most

TIME, OCTOBER 12, 1953



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men ought to die at 35"—was concocted by a young reporter . . . who . . . took a line from one page of the *Mansions*, which quoted Havelock Ellis as saying that men reach their (physical) zenith at 32, combined it with a whimsical quotation, several hundred pages later in the same book, to the effect that "men should die at their zenith," and then foisted upon me his brilliant synthesis.

It is a pity that you reviewed rather my immature *Transition* of 1937—damagingly misconceived—than my *Renaissance* of 1953; against which disappointment I can only appeal from TIME to time.

WILL DURANT

Los Angeles

Calling All Art Lovers

Sir:

Princes from toads may appear, cows may jump over the moon, and Texans may decide that the Lone Star State is not the biggest and bestest after all—report any of these things in your excellent publication and I'll not hesitate to believe. But when you guys term the comic strip *Dick Tracy* a form of "art" [Sept. 21], then you've gone too far. Your statement is not only the most; it's too much.

BILL B. FRYDAY

Norman, Okla.

Wrong Vintage

Sir:

The Education article entitled "Oceans of Piffle" [Sept. 7] has a quotation [from Albert Lynd's *Quackery in the Public Schools*] credited to the principal of a Champaign, Ill., junior high school. Since I have been the only principal of a junior high school in Champaign for 19 years, the reference must be to me. The quotation is as follows: "We shall some day accept the thought that it is just as illogical to assume that every boy must be able to read as it is that each one must be able to perform on a violin, that it is not more reasonable to require that each girl shall spell well than it is that each one shall have a good cherry pie." I have never made this statement or any statement similar to it. Such a reference may be damaging to a teacher or school administrator . . .

A. L. THOMASSON

Principal

Champaign, Ill.

¶ The heady statement came from a different vintage Champaign, was made by A. H. Lauchner, junior high principal in Urbana, Champaign County, Ill. —ED.

Science & Religion

Sir:

Reader M. Valeriote [Sept. 21] sounds like a parochial school graduate who lost his faith in college when he was introduced to calipers and test tubes. If he had ever taken the trouble to consult even a third-rate manual in theology, above the catechism level, he would have found that the doctrine that God transcends all human experience and imagination is a commonplace in Roman Catholic thought.

Durham, N.C.

FRANK PATRICK

Sir:

. . . May we call M. Valeriote's attention to the fact that such inquiring minds as Augustine, Aquinas, Pasteur, Newman and Maritain, although perhaps inferior to M. Valeriote, never found anything intellectually or scientifically cramping in the Catholic "formulae" whose "restrictions" it took M. Valeriote five years "to dislodge" . . .

PAUL HUNTER

Reserve, N.S., Canada

THE GRAND MANNER OF SIR THOMAS

IT is related that Sir Thomas Beecham, the 73-year-old conductor and founder of the new Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, who has been described as the Winston Churchill of the musical world, went for a walk one afternoon in the streets of London. The weather was mild, and Sir Thomas began to feel impeded by his overcoat. Never a man to put up with an impediment, Sir Thomas hailed a cab with his customary manner of Drake defeating the Spanish Armada and tossed his coat inside. "Follow me!" quoth he to the cabbie, and continued his lordly walk down the street.

That Sir Thomas is probably the only man in the world whose overcoat rides in taxis, or about whom such a story can readily be believed, is a clue to his character and possibly to his music. He is a man of enormous personal style. He has the knack of investing everything he does with an air of jaunty majesty. Like Mr. Churchill, Beecham is physically small, but he manages through sheer force of inner conviction to seem at least one-and-a-half times his actual size. It is possible that his speech style has something to do with this impression. Sir Thomas is a master of the tall, shapely, dagger-edged sentence, and often sounds like one of the wittier characters from "Lady Wimere's Fan"—a faculty that has given rise to a lively international market in Beechamisms. Among the more reportable items is his polite

rebutto to a casual and inaccurate player in a certain Opera House Orchestra, "I do not ask for your full attention Sir, but I should be grateful if you could keep in touch with us from time to time."

On the other hand it sometimes pleases him to substitute the curt for the courtly as is related of a somewhat languid performance at the Metropolitan Opera where the Orchestra was perceptibly fatigued, the vocalists were unduly saving their voices and the audience coldly unimpressed. To keep up his spirits, Sir Thomas sang most of the work to himself and at times rather audibly. At the conclusion he was greeted on his way out by a group of the principal singers who complimented him upon being in such excellent voice. In tones that resembled nothing so much as a biting North wind he said: "Well someone had to sing the damned work after all."

BEECHAM set out 46 years ago to fill England with music. The effects have spilled over the rest of the planet. He has founded or rejuvenated six different symphony orchestras and several opera companies. He has given or raised vast sums of money for musical undertakings on a grandiose scale. He has twitted or bludgeoned audiences into listening to—and eventually embracing—more new or unknown works than any two other British conductors. Above all, he has lent a new quality of excitement and worthiness to the act of listening to music. At a luncheon given in Beecham's honor a few years ago, a speaker recalled that the immortal Sibelius had called Beecham the greatest living conductor. "Hear, hear!" cried Sir Thomas, with pleasure but without surprise.

As a conductor, Beecham is known

as a man who is apt to take a score which holds nothing new for the experienced listener, and then to wring from it an unexpected radiance, a widely intoxicating and almost illegal beauty. He performs this miracle regularly upon Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Berlioz, Delius—composers for whom he feels a special fondness. It also turns up in less likely places. One concertgoer, who went to the American debut of the Royal Philharmonic fully prepared for the unexpected, recalls being taken aback at Beecham's performance of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. "It sounded like Beethoven," he reported with awe. "That Beecham. He could play *Mary Had a Little Lamb* and make it sound dignified and expensive." This quality of Beecham's conducting—a kind of musical green thumb—has led ordinarily level-headed critics to reach for words like "sheer magic" and "maddening mystery." In the hope of getting a less supernatural explanation, we called on Columbia's recording director and came out with this:

"Beecham plays a piece as if he admires it enormously. He gets across to you the pleasure that he finds in the music as a sensitive, aristocratic and highly civilized man." He paused, gave us a narrow look, then went on in a different voice: "It's as if you were taking out a beautiful woman of whom you were very proud, and you wanted everybody to see how beautiful she was, and you treated her with a sort of gallantry and . . . well . . . orchids and . . ."

Maybe you'd just better listen yourself. It's all on Columbia Records.

L. R.

These Are My Latest

by Sir Thomas Beecham

conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica")

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4

("Italian")

Beethoven: Symphony No. 8

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This valve lifter has been in a test engine for only 100 hours. It was lubricated by a refined non-additive motor oil. The oil-film broke — note the "soup bowl" worn in the end. The valve lifters in your engine must take the beating of nearly a million hammer-blows every 60 minutes at 40 miles per hour.



A black and white portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. He is smiling and looking directly at the camera. In his right hand, he holds a small, cylindrical metal object, which appears to be a valve lifter. A white rectangular box is overlaid on the lower-left portion of the image, containing text.

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Over the years I have learned that warm tones are most pleasing.
That is why watching my Magnavox TV is one of the joys of life."



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE SUPREME COURT "One Law for All"

At high noon one day this week, an invisible hand parted the red velvet draperies at the front of the U.S. Supreme Court's magnificently plain chamber. Through openings in the draperies and past the gleaming marble Ionic columns stepped nine men robed in black. Eight seated themselves in the black leather chairs at the long mahogany bench; the ninth went with the clerk of the court to a desk beside the bench. After a brief opening ceremony, Clerk Harold B. Willey turned to the man at his side and administered an oath: "I, Earl Warren, do solemnly swear that I will administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to the poor and to the rich . . ."

Then, in a borrowed robe (his new robe was not ready), Earl Warren stepped up to the bench and seated himself in the high-backed chair in its center. The U.S. had a new Chief Justice, and the U.S. Supreme Court was beginning a new era.

One End to Serve. Chief Justice Warren's first official duty was to "meet" a man he knew well indeed: U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. was formally introduced to the court. The same Herbert Brownell had recommended the appointment of Warren to President Eisenhower and had been the first to tell Warren that he would be appointed. The President had assigned Brownell to the task of searching for a new Chief Justice soon after the death of Fred M. Vinson (TIME, Sept. 21). Brownell immediately began seeking a man with judicial experience. He did not find one who, in his opinion, fitted the job.

Less than two weeks before the Warren appointment was announced, Brownell had a list of six final prospects. Then Supreme Court Associate Justice Robert Jackson was dropped from the list because, among other things, he had been a left-of-center Democrat and an ardent supporter of Franklin Roosevelt's Supreme Court packing plan. Associate Justice Harold Burton, the only Republican on the court but not its senior member, was eliminated because jumping him over the others might have started a new round of hickering among the Justices. Federal Circuit Judges Orie L. Phillips of Colorado and John J. Parker of Virginia were considered too old—both will be 68 on the same day, next Nov. 20. New Jersey's Chief Justice Arthur Vanderbilt, 65, was



CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN & FAMILY
Where do you find a Charles Evans Hughes?

United Press

known to be a hard driver, and might have serious trouble with the prima donnas on the high court. That left one name.

When that point was reached, Brownell requisitioned an Air Force plane and flew to California. Dwight Eisenhower and Herbert Brownell already knew that Warren would like a Supreme Court post. But they wanted to find out specifically how the 62-year-old Californian felt about the Chief Justiceship, and whether he could take over right away. After an hour's talk with Warren at McClellan Field outside Sacramento, Brownell had his answers. He flew back to Washington, made his recommendation. President Eisenhower accepted it on the spot.

That night, Brownell leaked the story to some old friends of the press (and thereby caused an uproar—see PRESS), and two days later Dwight Eisenhower made it official at his news conference. Said the President: "I certainly wanted a man whose reputation for integrity, honesty, middle-of-the-road philosophy experience in government, experience in the law, were all such as to convince the

U.S. that here was a man who had no ends to serve except the U.S. . . . He is a man who will make a great Chief Justice . . ."

No Debt to Pay. Public reaction from both Republicans and Democrats was almost unanimously favorable. Beneath the surface, some conservative Republicans grumbled that a Republican closer to the right should have been named, and some lawyers professed themselves appalled at Warren's total lack of judicial experience. But there were others who felt that Warren's long experience in government (see box) far outweighed his lack of experience on the bench. ↑

To the President and the Attorney General, Earl Warren seemed to be far & away the best man available. In addition to his administrative duties on the Supreme

* From left: daughters Virginia and Nina, Mrs. Warren, daughter Dorothy.

† All of the five Chief Justices appointed in this century have had previous judicial experience, but five of the eight who came before (including the great John Marshall) had none.

Court, the Chief Justice presides over the Judicial Conference of the U.S. (comprised of chief judges of the U.S. circuit courts), and thus has an administrative function over all of the nation's federal courts. Warren's knowledge of the problems of government and his administrative ability would serve him well in that phase of his work. In addition, his knack for pulling opposing forces together would help to prevent discord on the often-divided court.

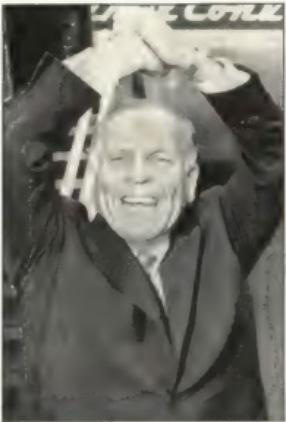
Part of the press asserted, with an air of tolerant wisdom, that Eisenhower was paying a political debt incurred in the 1952 campaign. Actually, any debt that Ike owed Warren could have been paid by a third-class postmastership. At the G.O.P. convention in Chicago last year, Warren's California delegates did cast their votes for the Eisenhower side in the battle of the contested delegations, but that was the proper strategy for Candidate Warren, who was then hoping for a deadlock. When the balloting for President came, California voted for Warren and never switched. In the campaign, Warren made only late, routine efforts for Ike, and he conspicuously snubbed his fellow Californian, Richard Nixon. Some Administration bigwigs were disappointed that they had not been able to choose a man who was more of a legal heavyweight. Said one White House aide: "Sure, we wanted a Charles Evans Hughes. But where the hell do you find one?"

A Position Made Clear. Within five days after the announcement, Warren flew to Washington, arriving just 14 hours before he was sworn in. This week he was digging into his new job, facing one of the busiest and most important terms in the court's history. Before the court's next recess, it will probably have to dispose of more than 1,200 cases. Most explosive on the list: five cases challenging the constitutionality of segregation in public schools. Warren is known to be against race discrimination, but he also is known to be a guardian of states' rights.

Meanwhile, Chief Justice Warren had made his general position quite clear. Said he: "If through the years [the court's] work is well done, the home of every American will always be his castle, every human life will have dignity, and there will forever be one law for all."

CALIFORNIA Good Day for Goody

When Earl Warren boarded an airliner and took off for Washington this week, a whole political era in California went with him. The independent Warren, who had built his political power on bipartisan support, turned the governorship over to Goodwin Jess Knight, a regular, conservative, organization Republican. The new governor, a back-thumping, bouncing lawyer of 56 who has served seven years as lieutenant governor, could not hope to win the Democrats who supported Warren. But the day Warren departed was a good day for "Goody" Knight. It meant that



Associated Press
GOODWIN KNIGHT
A loping start.

he will be running for governor next year as the incumbent, which will give him at least a loping start.

While Knight was taking over as chief executive of the second most populous state, photographers were joyously demonstrating that he has at least some of the same political assets that Earl Warren had. Widower Knight has two lovely blonde daughters, Carolyn, 20, a student at the University of Southern California, and Marilyn, 26, who is Mrs. Robert Eaton, wife of a Los Angeles attorney. Californians were immediately intrigued by the prospect that one of the daughters will serve as father's hostess and thus be the new first lady of California.



Associated Press
CAROLYN KNIGHT
A familiar asset.

THE JUDICIARY

Bench Room for Two

For more than three months, powerful politicians and eminent jurists had been engaging in an Olympian tussle over a prospective appointment to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit (New York, Connecticut, Vermont). Connecticut Senators Prescott Bush and William Furtell, good Republicans both, wanted the job to go to Connecticut's Republican ex-U.S. Senator (1939-45) John A. Danaher, 54, who has been practicing law and lobbying in Washington. Judge Thomas Swan, who made the vacancy by retiring, and retired Circuit Judge Learned and Augustus Hand were all for Connecticut's Carroll C. Hincks, 63, senior judge of the Federal District Court for Connecticut (TIME, Aug. 31). Last week President Eisenhower found a neat solution. He nominated Danaher to be a judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, to succeed Judge James M. Proctor, who died Sept. 17. Then he nominated Judge Hincks for the Second Circuit bench. Both judgeships carry approximately the same prestige and the same salary, \$17,500 a year.

THE ADMINISTRATION In Search of Policies

President Eisenhower's program of creating study commissions has already been denounced by Democrats as "Government by postponement," but the real value of the commission approach will depend upon the wisdom and dispatch the commissions show in carrying out their job. Last week the four principal commissions set up so far were just getting started on studies of key Government problems. The four:

Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. Chairman: Clarence E. Manion, 57, ex-dean of Notre Dame University's law school. The 25 members include five Senators, five Representatives, four state governors. At the White House last week, President Eisenhower witnessed the commission's swearing-in. Its assignment, according to the President: to look for methods of eliminating "frictions, duplications and waste from federal-state relations." No. 1 problem: conflict and overlapping in federal and state taxation.

Commission on Foreign Economic Policy. Chairman: Clarence B. Randall, 62, board chairman of Chicago's Inland Steel Co. Its task, as stated by Eisenhower: "To find acceptable ways and means of widening and deepening the channels of economic intercourse between ourselves and our partners in the free world." The 17 members include, however, some of Congress' most hard-bitten protectionists, men who have shown great interest in narrowing trade channels.

Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government. Chairman: ex-President Herbert Hoover, 77. Sworn in last week, the twelve-member

commission is charged, by act of the 83rd Congress, with studying "the present organization and methods of operation of [the executive branch] to determine what changes would contribute to economy, efficiency and improved service in the transaction of the public business."

Advisory Committee on Housing Policies and Programs. Chairman: Albert M. Cole, 52, head of the Housing and Home Finance Agency. The Eisenhower executive order setting up the 22-member group directed it to make "studies and surveys" of federal housing.

Last week President Eisenhower re-established the 13-member *International Development Advisory Board*, originally set up in 1950. Chairman (appointed by Truman, re-appointed by Eisenhower): Eric A. Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America. Mission: to advise Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen on technical assistance (Point Four) programs and policies.

Economy Lesson

When Joseph M. Dodge, a man firmly dedicated to pinching the taxpayers' pennies, took over the Budget Bureau last winter, he resolved to curb an old Washington custom: at the approach of June 30, the end of a fiscal year, agencies with unspent appropriations on their books invariably went on buying sprees. Dodge announced that the bureau would subject June accounts to hawk-eyed scrutiny. Last week Dodge & Co. reported that, while the warnings had been "generally effective," the bureau had detected \$1,100,000 worth of "excessive June buying." Instead of just issuing more warnings, Dodge gave the spenders a stern lesson in economy: "In every account where such purchasing was found, the bureau [trimmed funds for the current year] by an equal amount."

THE PRESIDENCY

Busy

For the first time in ten weeks, Dwight Eisenhower met the Washington press corps once again last week. The President opened his jam-packed press conference with the observation that he didn't suppose there was any more important news than the World Series. Then, with the news-hungry correspondents pitching the questions, the President proceeded to slam out a dozen headlines.

Measured in terms of laughter and anger, the conference was as lively as anything since the testiest press go-rounds of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. There was a roar of good, natural laughter when the President expressed the modest certainty that the State Department would not ignore the suggestions of his brother Milton, after his five-week goodwill trip through Latin America. There was reportorial anger over the news leak on the Warren appointment (see *PRESS*). And the President in turn was angered when a reporter asked for his version of ex-Secretary of Labor Martin Durkin's contention that Eisenhower had agreed to

EARL WARREN, THE 14th CHIEF JUSTICE

Ancestry: His grandfather, Halvar Varran, a Norwegian carpenter, came to the U.S. in 1865 and changed his name to Harry Warren. Halvar's Norwegian-born son, Methias, and Swedish-born Chrystal Hernlund, who met and married in California in the 1880s, were Earl Warren's parents. Methias became master car repairman for a division of the Southern Pacific Railroad, turned into a mortgage-foreclosing recluse in his later years, was bludgeoned to death in his lonely Bakersfield, Calif., home in 1938. The motive was believed to be robbery; the crime has never been solved.

Early Years: Earl Warren was born March 19, 1891, in a five-room frame house on Los Angeles' dingy Turner Street, grew up in the "railroad section" of Bakersfield. He earned his spending money as a newsboy, a railroad callboy, a freight hustler, a farm hand and a cub reporter on the Bakersfield *California*. At Bakersfield's Kern County High School, he played clarinet in the school band and outfield on the baseball team. At the University of California, he was full of fun but not of diligence. He was a popular member of the Gun Club, which headquartered at Pop Kessler's saloon, and he flunked second-year Greek. He graduated from the university's law school in 1914.

Career: After graduation, he spent three years as a junior lawyer in San Francisco and Oakland firms, once admitted that court appearances terrified him. Said he: "I'd get on a streetcar, and I'd be so tense I would hope the car would be wrecked on the way to the courthouse." He went into the Army as a private in 1917, came out as a first lieutenant in 1919, took a job as clerk of the California state assembly's judiciary committee and never returned to private practice; he has been a lawyer in government ever since. He was deputy city attorney for Oakland in 1919-20, deputy district attorney for Alameda County (Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda) in 1920-25, district attorney in 1925-39. A relentless prosecutor, he convicted an average of 15 murderers a year, jailed the county sheriff for gambling graft, convicted Alameda's mayor for bribery and theft of public funds. None of his convictions was ever reversed on appeal, but none of them gave him particular pleasure. Said he: "I never heard a jury bring in a verdict of guilty but that I felt sick at the pit of my stomach."

Elected attorney general of California in 1938, he won the Republican nomination for governor in 1942 and turned tumbling Democrat Culbert Olson out of office. He was re-elected on both the Republican and Democratic tickets in 1946, defeated Demo-

cratic Nominee James Roosevelt by more than a million votes in 1950. The only man ever elected to three terms as governor of California, he was staunchly independent, did not work with the regular Republican organization, won support of every element and class, appointed both Republicans and Democrats to state jobs. In his long political career, he lost only one election—as Republican candidate for Vice President in 1948. As governor, he cut the state sales tax, raised gasoline taxes to finance road building, widened unemployment insurance coverage, reformed the prison system, three times tried unsuccessfully to establish a compulsory state health insurance program. During his ten years and nine months as chief executive, the population of California nearly doubled, and he faced the great problems brought by great growth. No other governor in U.S. history has built so many highways, schools and hospitals. None of the major bills he signed has ever been declared unconstitutional; his judgeship appointments greatly improved the caliber of the California bench.

Family: In 1925, after four years of courtship, District Attorney Warren married Mrs. Nina Palmquist Meyers, a young widow with a six-year-old son, James. In addition to James, who was adopted and given the Warren name, they have two sons, Earl Jr., 23, and Robert, 18, and three photogenic daughters, Virginia, 25, Dorothy, 22, and Nina Elizabeth ("Honey Bear"), 19. Woeeful California Democrats used to say: "You can beat Earl Warren, but how can you beat that family?"

Personal Characteristics: A big (6 ft. 1 in., 207 lbs.), hearty, smiling, blue-eyed Westerner with thinning, blond-white hair, he has an easy, friendly manner, a booming laugh, a bone-crushing handshake. A working Mason (33rd degree, past Grand Master of California), he often reads the Bible before going to bed at night or the first thing in the morning. His staff knows him as a firm and exacting boss, but a fair and considerate one. He is neat, orderly, practical, unimaginative, calm, judicious and stubborn. Said an old friend and associate: "He'll be careful as hell before he makes up his mind, but once he's decided . . . nothing in the world will change him." Although he has never expounded a philosophy of the law, his political philosophy is clear: middle of the road. While some conservative Republicans consider him too "liberal," he places himself midway between extremes, has said: "I am convinced the American people will not tolerate Socialist government, but they are definitely committed to social progress."

19 specific changes in the Taft-Hartley Act, and then run out on his word (TIME, Oct. 5). Said the President: Jaw outburst and eyes cold; he refused to speak of personalities publicly. To his knowledge, he had never broken an agreement with any associate in his life. If there was anyone there who had contrary evidence, he could have the floor and make his speech. In stony silence, the President waited for an unchallenged moment.

In his opening statement, the President produced enough front-page news items to make up for the ten-week intermissions between conferences. Items:

¶ The belated announcement of the appointment of Earl Warren as Chief Justice of the United States (see above). ¶ The assurance that the Government would not seek a federal retail sales tax. He did not rule out the possibility of a manufacturers' excise tax, however, as a means to make Federal ends meet.

¶ The announcement that there would probably be no special session of Congress this fall. "The savings in expenditures . . . make it appear that no special session will be necessary [to raise the national debt limit]," said the President, "and that we will get through to January and still have something left."

¶ A condemnation of the enforced retirement of Cardinal Wyszyński by the Polish Communists (see RELIGION).

In one of the busiest weeks since he took office, President Eisenhower also received President Remón of Panama (who brought Panamanian Indian costumes for the Eisenhower grandchildren), Crown Prince Olav of Norway, and Chiang Kai-shek's eldest son, Lieut. General Chiang Ching-kuo (who presented him with a

Formosan edition of his book, *Crusade in Europe*). He also got a 7 ft., 200-lb. popped halibut from Representative Thor Tolleson of Washington State. "Gee whiz," said the President when he met the monster fish on a porch bordering the Rose Garden, "I've never seen such a big fish."

The week's most famed visitor was Adlai Stevenson, who turned up for a conference with the President and a stag luncheon with 16 other top Administration officials. In two hours at the White House, Stevenson gave the President a report on his five-month tour of the world, and urged a nonaggression pact with Russia. The President, said Stevenson, was "very much interested" in his proposal, and assured him that "the Administration is examining closely [the proposed pact] as well as all other ways and means of relieving tension in Western Europe."

At week's end, Press Secretary Jim Hagerty gave White House reporters a statistical survey of the week's work. The President, he disclosed, had struck an average of 8 a.m. for arriving at the office. He had kept 31 official appointments, attended six official meetings with committees and commission, greeted 341 visitors at the White House, spoken on seven public occasions, attended two state dinners, two official luncheons, and had posed for photographers 20 times, in addition to his routine duties. With such a crushing schedule, Ike was ready & willing, when Sunday came, for a day off.

* At her own press conference this week, Mamie Eisenhower revealed that she does not go fishing with the. "Not me," the First Lady told the assembled newsmen. "I'm the world's best sister."



Associated Press

THE EISENHOWERS & THE REMÓNS WITH IKE'S GRANDCHILDREN
Sunday was a welcome day.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Broad-Picture Man

[See Cover]

During a high-level diplomatic conference in Paris last February, two U.S. State Department officials found it necessary to consult their boss after the close of the business day. When they knocked on the door of his temporary quarters in the U.S. Embassy residence, a muffled voice directed them to come in. The bedroom they entered was empty, but the voice, which seemed to be coming from the bathroom, gave them further directions: "In here." Proceeding solemnly into the bathroom, the two diplomats found Secretary of State John Foster Dulles stretched out full-length in a warm tub, his arms folded upon his chest in an attitude suggestive of the funeral effigy of Henry III in Westminster Abbey. Brushing aside his subordinates' apologies, Dulles dealt with their problem in matter-of-fact fashion, then relapsed into his yogi-like trance for a few minutes' more rest before getting out to dress for an official dinner.

The rise of the U.S. to world leadership since 1941 has made the Secretary of State a focus for the hopes, fears and frustrations of hundreds of millions of people. No man could be more relaxed and at home in this awesome job than John Foster Dulles. He spent his youth under the shadow of grandfather John Foster, a Secretary of State to Benjamin Harrison, and uncle Robert Lansing, Secretary of State to Woodrow Wilson. It is quite possible that John Foster Dulles is the only American who, since boyhood, has dreamed of becoming U.S. Secretary of State.

In the pursuit of this goal, Dulles displayed the single-mindedness of a track star training for the Olympics. Dashing family hopes that he would follow his father into the Presbyterian ministry, he built himself a dual career as one of the nation's highest-priced international lawyers and outstanding nonprofessional diplomats. As senior partner of the Wall Street law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, he worked into a practice that included half the governments of Europe. His part-time public service, which got under way at Versailles when he acted as a counsel to the World War I U.S. Peace Commission, reached its peak when he pushed through the World War II Japanese Peace Treaty almost singlehanded.

"A Change in Heart." Last January, a month before his 65th birthday, Dulles finally achieved his long-sought goal. When he came up before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for confirmation as Secretary of State, Wisconsin's Senator Alexander Wiley asked him if he had in mind any specific changes in U.S. foreign policy. Dulles squinted at the ceiling, then said: "Well, I think the change that is most needed is a change in heart." By last week John Foster Dulles' accomplishments in office left little doubt that U.S. foreign policy had undergone such a change—and that it was a matter of head as well as heart.

In Asia, where ultimate Communist triumph once seemed assured by progressive defeat of the West, Dulles had created new opportunities for the U.S. Items:

Formosa. President Eisenhower, with Dulles' approval, canceled the Truman order that obliged the U.S. Seventh Fleet to protect the Communist mainland from Chiang Kai-shek's troops. This change created a threat, made it more hazardous for Mao to mass strength on the Korean and Indo-Chinese borders.

Korea. Last May, through an artfully casual conversation with India's Nehru, Dulles warned the Chinese Communists that if the Korean truce talks broke down once again the U.S. would have to enlarge the war. Two months later the Communists signed the armistice. The terms left many Americans unhappy, but no one disputed the proposition that a diplomatic stalemate was preferable to a military stalemate. Dulles has been careful to keep up his relations with Korea's stubborn Syngman Rhee in the face of bitter anti-Rhee sentiment among U.S. allies. Aware that the armistice terms do not allow for a resumption of hostilities if the political conference is not held, Dulles expected the Reds to stall (as they have) on preparations for this meeting. The Communists know that they can scarcely improve on their present position at a political conference. Rhee represents the only solid pressure that can be exerted on the Chinese Reds in Korea. By visiting Rhee, by refusing to join the attack on him, Dulles has aligned himself with an Asian leader whose courage and obstinacy have won increasing respect in other Asian countries. Anti-Communism is growing in Asia, and Rhee, not Nehru, is its symbol.

Indo-China. In a series of carefully mortised negotiations from Saigon to Washington to Paris, Dulles persuaded the French government to promise General Henri Navarre enough troops to carry out "the Navarre Plan" for defeating the Communist-led Viet Minh rebels. The U.S.'s *quid pro quo* for France's *quo*: a promise of \$385 million in aid over the next year for the war in Indo-China. Under Dulles' pressure France also gave assurances of independence to the native states of Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam. This meant that Indo-Chinese nationalists were no longer faced with a choice between Communism and colonialism. Result: new hope for winning the seven-year-old Indo-China war and stopping the Communist advance into Southeast Asia.

Japan. Dulles' insistent public demands for Japanese rearmament were received with ill grace by Prime Minister Yoshida, because of the political explosiveness of the issue. Last week, however, Japan's two largest political parties announced their joint support of a rearmament program that will reduce the power vacuum in northeast Asia.

In the Middle East, Dulles warded off impending disaster. Items:

Iran. Dulles and U.S. Ambassador Loy Henderson refused to pay blackmail to shifty, dictatorial Premier Mohammed



United Press

DULLES IN KOREA (1950)

The prerequisite for peace: effective policy.

Mossadegh. In so doing they were running a risk that Mossadegh would retaliate by turning oil-rich Iran over to the Communists. The gamble paid off when the Iranian people rose to support the Shah, overthrew Mossadegh and gave the U.S. another chance in Iran.

Egypt. Last May, Egypt's General Mohammed Naguib and his military junta were threatening war unless Britain ended her occupation of the Suez Canal zone. In three days in Egypt, Dulles impressed on Naguib the importance the U.S. attached to Britain's Suez base, the biggest military installation in the Middle East. Since Dulles' visit, Britain and Egypt have made progress toward an agreement which will give Egypt control of the Canal Zone but allow British military technicians to operate the base until Egyptians are taught to do so.

In Europe the Communists had been thrown onto the defensive. Items:

East Germany. The U.S. reacted to last June's Berlin riots by arranging the distribution of U.S. food parcels to the hungry East Germans. This helped to keep alive East German resistance to Soviet rule and illustrated Dulles' claim that the U.S. can pursue an effective "liberation policy" without violence.

European Defense Community. Long after most European statesmen had written off the EDC plan for an international European army, Dulles continued to plug for it. His stubbornness began to bear fruit last month when West Germany showed its growing strength and political stability by re-electing Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, a strong EDC partisan. France, which had blocked EDC, suddenly reawakened to the danger that the U.S. might insist on independent German

rearmament if EDC did not materialize. Result: the French government seemed to be moving toward acceptance of EDC, and prospects for a West German contribution to the defense of Europe looked better than they had in two years.

Spain. Three years ago, U.S. military men led by the late Admiral Forrest Sherman convinced the Truman Administration that the U.S. must have air and naval bases in Spain in order to defend Europe. But in the ensuing horse-trading, the State Department failed to put enough pressure on Franco. Last January, under new management, the State Department began to move briskly. Last week the U.S. finally got its Spanish bases.

Desire & Accomplishment. Necessarily, many of John Foster Dulles' achievements start from plans, decisions and achievements of the Truman Administration. Had there been no Berlin airlift, the U.S. would not now be in a position to capitalize upon East German unrest. Had there been no Marshall Plan, EDC would not even be a dream. But Dulles has not merely kept U.S. power in position to contain the enemy. Unlike Dean Acheson, he has also sought every opportunity to use that power actively against the Communists. Even in matters where Dulles and Acheson were in total agreement as to objectives, there was a difference between the two: Acheson acquired a brilliant grasp of the details involved; Dulles got things done.

Dulles' record of accomplishment was not a result of skill as a diplomatic negotiator. As the unsurpassed technician of the conference table, Acheson's performance was far smoother, and Dulles gave his predecessor full marks for good intention and did not claim that his own



GENERAL NAVARRE
Solid assurance.

desire for such laudable goals as peace was any greater than Acheson's. But there is more to getting a peace than wanting it, more to working toward decisions than suavity and adroitness at the conference table. A statesman who wants peace has to find specific policies which will lead his adversary to make—and keep—agreements. Not until effective policies have been established can negotiating skill show any results. It is at the all-important level where principle is translated into policy that Dulles has had more success than Acheson.

Empires & Operators. By the folklore of Washington, the man who manages the operational functions of an organization will mold its policy in the long run. This has come to be an accepted law of administrative life, as solid as Newton's laws of motion. Consequently, career State Department officials respected Dean Acheson's concern with operational details. They could not at first understand John Foster Dulles, the broad-picture man, who believed that the State Department had been distracted from its policymaking job by its preoccupation with miscellaneous operating functions—foreign aid, technical aid, propaganda, etc. When Dulles, soon after he took office, divested State of as many operating functions as possible, the bureaucrats were convinced that he had surrendered much of his control over U.S. policy.

To their intense surprise, it turned out that Dulles had done nothing of the sort. Harold Stassen, whose Foreign Operations Administration took over the aid programs formerly under the State Department, set himself to carry out Policy-maker Dulles' plans, responded promptly when State asked for \$45 million for Iran and \$385 million for the Indo-China war.

State Department men found that they could give foreign-aid administrators policy guidance on a long-term basis; they would check a few months later and find their guidance still controlling Stassen's operation. This is one of the most amazing, and perhaps the most important, facts of Eisenhower's Washington. Operations are necessarily conducted by specialists after the work has been broken into parts. Policy made at the operational level is apt to be fragmentary, uncoordinated, contradictory. Between them, Dulles and Stassen are demonstrating that what Washington for 20 years thought was a law of administrative life was really a symptom of administrative illness.

Breakfast & the Payoff. Dulles also followed the broad-picture approach in his campaign to restore confidence in the State Department. Foreign policy, he ar-

the Administration's foreign-aid program until they heard Dulles explain it.

"The Amateur." Not all of Dulles' explanations had such happy consequences. In his overwhelming desire to get his policies understood he occasionally forgot that some things not only go without saying, but are better left unsaid. At a press conference (TIME, Sept. 14), he said that it would be a disaster if Konrad Adenauer did not win the West German elections. This statement came too late to affect the elections either way, but it was a bobble none the less. At the same time, Dulles strongly intimated that he did not feel bound to hold to the pro-Italian Trieste policy which the U.S. had adopted over five years ago when Yugoslavia was still a Soviet satellite. By publicly plugging Adenauer, Dulles laid himself wide open to the charge of meddling in West German affairs, a charge which might easily have created enough German resentment to cost Adenauer the election. The statement on Trieste caused universal outrage in Italy without making any visible improvement in U.S. relations with Yugoslavia.

Sincerity & Suspicion. Another criticism of Dulles is that his "intransigent" attitude toward the Soviet Union increases the danger of superpower war. British Socialists and their new spiritual leader, Jawaharlal Nehru, wring their hands whenever Dulles makes a statement defining the struggle with Communism in moral and religious terms.

On this point, Dulles could not retreat, even if he wanted to. As a whole, the U.S. people make their basic political judgments on moral grounds. All U.S. leaders recognize this fact and describe the struggle with Communism in moral terms. There are two ways in which Dulles, on this point, differs from Truman



INTERNATIONAL
CHANCELLOR ADENAUER
Stubborn plugging.

gued, must not only be concrete enough to work, it must also be coherent enough for the people to understand. In his congressional relations, he was careful to avoid Acheson's chief personality defect—contempt for the ignorant. During his first seven months in office Dulles put in 32 appearances before congressional committees, held 18 unofficial meetings with congressional groups.

Predictably, the Dulles approach to Congressional relations frequently paid off. Assistant Secretary of State Thruston Morton still recalls with admiration a breakfast at which Dulles briefed freshmen Congressmen and Senators shortly before the MSA appropriation was to be voted on last May. "That group for the most part stood like rocks when the vote came up in the House," says Morton. "They told me afterwards, many of them, that they had no intention of supporting



INTERNATIONAL
THE SHAH OF IRAN
Successful gamble.

A BRITISH VIEW OF U.S. POLICY

The widening rift between Britain and the U.S. is caused largely by the pressure of British public opinion on Her Majesty's Government. There is anti-U.S. feeling in both parties, but most of it is generated on the left, among journalists and intellectuals who consider themselves anti-Communist, and many of whom are Christian socialists. To exhibit to Americans the nature and depth of this British view, TIME asked Tom Driberg, Labor M.P. for Maldon and an influential Christian socialist, to say why his kind of Britain dislikes U.S. policy. Driberg's response:

MANY Europeans and Asians mistrust the tendency to drag the whole world into two big-power blocs, each professing the noblest intentions and emitting, alternately, highfalutin slogans about democracy and Tarzanlike boasts of invincible might. We have seen this tendency in American and Soviet policy alike. We believe that it is wrong in itself, and likelier to lead to war than to peace.

Many of us also feel impatient when, like kids after a street fight, each side accuses the other of having started it. Did the Russians start it in Czechoslovakia in 1948? Or the French in Indo-China in 1945? Or the British in Greece in 1944? Any competent attorney could make a case either way. Blaming the other fellow is sterile diplomacy; it is more important to make a new start. (Hopes of such a new start are slightly stronger after some of the recent speeches of Mr. John Foster Dulles.)

This is not the neutralism of cowards or mugwumps. It is an assertion of the right of civilized and free men to reject doctrinaire absolutism, to judge issues on their merits, and to put forward constructive alternatives. Nehru in Asia and the democratic socialists of Britain and Western Europe may be more useful as intermediaries than as crusaders. After all, we agree on some issues with either side: with the Russians, we reject what seems to us the jungle philosophy of big-business capitalism; we stress political liberties as strongly as the Americans do—or did before the era of McCarthy.

Idealism & Trade. Laborite Britain was not neutralist on Korea. We jumped in to back the American initiative—admittedly with far smaller forces. We know how grievous American casualties in Korea have been; they could have been less grievous if General MacArthur had not raced north to the Yalu frontier and provoked the Chinese into crossing it. This was, in our view, the point at which the concept of the police action to deter aggression lost its validity.

America's China policy seems to us neither idealistic nor realistic. How can there be idealism in friendship with a regime (Chiang Kai-shek's) which corruptly squandered the billions of dollars generously given to it? What realism is there in refusing to understand that such a regime can never regain power in China? That China's actual effective government is the Communist government in Peking? And that the more vigorously Peking is boycotted by the West the more closely Peking will be tied up with Moscow?

Americans sometimes say that Britain recognizes Peking only because of British imperialist and business interests in Hong Kong. In India and Burma the Labor government showed we were abandoning Britain's traditional imperialism. This was morally right and politically sound.

Certainly Britain, and other Commonwealth countries, want to trade with China. Why not? By blocking this trade—and by backing the Japanese invasion of other former British markets in Asia—the Americans are destroying British and Commonwealth prosperity. As a socialist, I am an anti-imperialist; but the new imperialism of the dollar seems to me at least as harmful as the old imperialism; I know that our small, overcrowded, over-industrialized island must trade to live, and we do not want to live mainly on dollar handouts, grateful as we have been for them. If all that Mr. Dulles and

other American spokesmen have said is true, they want a strong British and Commonwealth alliance; yet American actions in recent years—the insistence on an impossibly large defense program for Britain as well as the disruption of British overseas trade—have tended steadily to weaken Britain economically.

The other most frequent American criticism of our general attitude to China and to Russia is that we are "appeasers." They contrast this with our disapproval of the prewar appeasement of Hitler.

Communism v. Nazism. To equate Soviet Russia with Nazi Germany is a dangerous oversimplification. They seem to me essentially different, in several ways: 1) ideologically. Communism is a Christian heresy, but Nazism was anti-Christian paganism; 2) hence, in practice, though there has been much cruelty in Russia, there is nothing comparable with the calculated horror of the gas chambers and the extermination of the Jews; 3) geographically and economically, the Soviet Union is far more self-sufficient and therefore not intrinsically expansionist.

We also do not forget that Russia was on our side during the war, and suffered such human and material devastation that the prospect of another war must be even more hateful there than in the West.

We see with anxiety that American pressure for Western German rearmament is a divisive and inflammatory rather than a pacifying factor in Europe, and that the strengthening of Dr. Adenauer has coincided with the revival of militant German national ambitions.

Surely there must be something fundamentally wrong with a policy that has led to the reversal of all the hopes of 1945 and to alliances with men (Chiang, Bao Dai, Syngman Rhee, Franco) who are essentially antagonistic to traditional American and British ideas of freedom and progress?

It is difficult to see how ethical and even Christian sanction can be claimed for such a policy. I must respect the sincerity of Mr. Dulles, a fellow churchman; but I earnestly beg him to beware of what Britain's leading Methodist, Dr. Donald Soper, has just called "forging God's signature to our plans."

Help for North Korea? Americans are rightly famous, and beloved, for their generosity; but there was no genuine or Christian charity in Mr. Dulles' discriminatory promise of lavish material help for the rehabilitation of South Korea and not of North Korea. The American food parcel can be as true a symbol of Christian love as the cup of cold water; but the political, and even electoral, strings attached to such aid in Asia, in Italy, and in Berlin have robbed the gift of its virtue and induced either sycophancy or cynicism in those who receive it. The Good Samaritan did not ask to see the party card of the man he was taking to the inn.

Surely a Christian approach to modern world politics must include not only the Golden Rule itself ("do unto others . . .") but an attempt to see ourselves as others see us and to put ourselves imaginatively in the position of others. There is, perhaps, a lesson for Mr. Dulles in the case of the French priests—workmen who, after a year or two of intimate missionary work among the industrial workers of Paris, now find themselves identified with them politically to a degree that seems dangerous to the Vatican.

That eminently respectable gathering, the 1948 Lambeth Conference of all the archbishops and bishops of my church, put it like this: ". . . Communism is presenting a challenge to Christian people to study and understand its theory and practice, so that they may be well instructed as to which elements in it are in conflict with the Christian view of man . . . and which elements are a true judgment on the existing social and economic order."

Is that "appeasement"? Not in any bad sense. It may be nearer to "the perfect love [which] casteth out fear."



DULLES, NEHRU & STASSEN
At each moral statement, a wringing of hands.

and Acheson: 1) he is clearer about it, and 2) his practical policies reflect the greater clarity.

Dulles says: "Soviet Communism starts with an atheistic, Godless premise. Everything else flows from that." Communism explicitly denies an objective moral law as that is understood in the Jewish, Christian and Moslem religions. Dulles is convinced that the evil of Communism flows from this denial, and that the struggle against Communism will be lost if it is considered merely a contest between rival power blocs.

On the other hand, Dulles is humble enough to recognize, as he told the U.N. last month, that the U.S. has "no monopoly of wisdom or virtue." He is against starting a "holy war" to extirpate Communism. And he is fully aware that sound morals do not necessarily lead to wise policies. But he believes that where a nation holds a trusteeship against an organized, clearly recognizable evil, as the U.S. does, successful, realistic policy takes on a positive moral value.

This belief is exemplified by Dulles' action at the three levels of politics—morals, policy, operations. To the first, Dulles has contributed more clarity and force but has not essentially altered the U.S. line. His great contribution is at the middle level of specific policies. These are moral in the sense that they have a good end, not pursued by evil means. But such policies as Dulles pursued in Indo-China and Germany are not derived directly from moral principles but from facts of political reality in the world that exists.

At the third level, day-to-day operations, Dulles, so far, is less successful. The time lag is probably inevitable. He has to establish and strengthen policy before he can get a grip on operations. In the process, some disruption and demoralization at the operating level of the State Department was bound to occur. The experts in details find that their judgments are modified by Dulles' view of the broad

picture. Some of them resent it. Acheson had far better morale among his operators—but the U.S. paid the price in a less coherent and less successful policy.

This inevitable conflict has been unnecessarily aggravated by other factors. Some Foreign Service officers charge that Dulles did not trust them and would not raise a hand to protect them against low blows from Joe McCarthy (although Dulles did fight manfully and successfully for Ambassador to Russia Charles Bohlen). In West Germany, High Commissioner James Bryant Conant's staff only recently began to recover from the fears born last May when Conant's able Propaganda Boss Theodore Kagan was summarily fired after Cohn & Schine, McCarthy's junkeeteering gumshoes, sicked their boss onto him.

Heavily contributing to low morale in the Foreign Service, and elsewhere in the State Department, is the fact that Dulles' departmental security officer, Scott McLeod, seems little more than Joe McCarthy's Charlie McCarthy.

In addition, the Eisenhower economy program has hit the State Department hard. Waves of humping and rifling (*see INTERNATIONAL*) run through the embassies, demoralizing staffs with job insecurity. Dulles plans no further wholesale shifts and cuts. The Department and the Foreign Service may soon settle down and adjust to new, firmer policy control.

The Simulated Stamp. In his search for successful policy, John Foster Dulles puts in a 63-day week. (Sunday mornings are reserved for attendance at Washington's National Presbyterian Church.) He avoids the big staff meetings and long, detailed briefing sessions of the Acheson era, letting his Under Secretary, Walter Bedell Smith, run the Department's housekeeping—which Smith does with one of the clearest heads in Washington.

Much of what "free time" Dulles has is devoted to official dinners, but he always arranges his schedule so that he can

get home beforehand for a bourbon-on-the-rocks and a chat with his retiring, charming wife. Periodically, he renews his energies by a brief stay with Mrs. Dulles at his isolated summer home on Duck Island in Lake Ontario. There he gets in some fishing, sailing and bird-watching; happily washes the dishes and polishes copper pots for Mrs. Dulles. In Washington he shakes off the day's cares with a warm bath and a half-hour's reading (*detective novels or the Bible*) before he drops off to sleep.

Despite his harried existence and critical howls that he is hurling the world toward disaster, Dulles remains buoyant and quietly confident about the future. "You can't do these things overnight," he points out. "But I believe that the power of America is still a potentially great force in the world if you can only get it working the right way, and I think we're beginning to get it to work."

NEW YORK

Joey's Pal

Flint-chinned Joseph Fay was a man of appalling power. As vice president of the A.F.L. International Union of Operating Engineers, bellicose Joey Fay bossed the building trades of the New York-New Jersey area for years, and labor leaders, industrialists and politicians paid him homage. (Once Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City welcomed him home from a European trip with a chartered boat and the Jersey City police band aboard.) But Joey got into trouble: in 1945 he and his pal Jim Bove, vice president of the Hod Carriers Union, got 7½-to-15-year prison stretches for conspiracy to extort \$368,000 from contractors for New York City's \$300 million Delaware aqueduct. When the iron doors of Sing Sing clanked behind him, the public assumed it had



EXHORTIONIST FAY
Just a change of address.

heard the last of Joey for a long time. Last week it turned out that Fay had merely changed his business address.

Joey's name bobbed up in the harness-racing scandal (TIME, Oct. 5). William De Koning, boss of the union whose members kicked back money in order to keep their jobs, was reported to be a faithful visitor at Joey Fay's Sing Sing address. Reporters demanded a list of Joey's other callers, got a shocking surprise. No fewer than 87 persons, many of them celebrities, had gone to see Joey.

Distinguished Guests. Topping the list was the name of Arthur Wicks, Republican majority leader in the State Senate, who had just been sworn in as acting lieutenant governor of New York. Also on the list was William F. Bleakley, a former state supreme court justice, one-time G.O.P. candidate for the governorship and currently the counsel for the racketeer-ridden Yonkers Raceway.⁶ Republican State Senator William Condon of Yonkers had a ready explanation for his visit: he had escorted A.F.L. President George Meany on a trip to see Extortionist Fay, hadn't spoken a word during the visit. Although his name did not appear on the prison record, Meany acknowledged two trips to Sing Sing to see his old buddy.

Joey's pals, the guest list revealed, were by no means confined to one party or profession. Other visitors included Democratic Mayor John Kenny of Jersey City, Louis Marciano, president of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor, Thomas Murray, president of the New York State Federation of Labor, George Levy, manager of Roosevelt Raceway, and former Democratic Mayor Meyer Ellenstein of Newark. Paul Troast, New Jersey construction tycoon and the G.O.P. candidate for governor, proved his friendship in another way: he had written to Governor Dewey in 1951, he admitted, to plead for a commutation for Joey.

Noble Causes. The bleats of innocence could be heard from Trenton to Albany. Nearly everyone, it seemed, had visited Joey on behalf of someone else or in the interest of some noble cause. The explanations tended to confirm reports that Fay was still firmly in command of the construction unions, that he was handing out jobs to "graduating" comrades at Sing Sing and to relatives of cooperative prison officials, and that he was masterminding the raceway shakedowns.

In fact, Acting Lieutenant Governor Wicks explained his visit by saying: "I never consulted or talked with Joseph Fay about anything else but labor conditions in the counties I represent . . . He is still a power in labor circles." Said Governor Dewey: "I thoroughly disapprove." "Public officials who have visited Fay owe the people a complete and satisfactory explanation." Then Dewey transferred Fay to grim Clinton Prison at Dannemora, 245 miles farther upstate, and ordered a weekly report on his callers.

* Conditionally re-opened last week.

CRIME Dead or Alive?

Behind the drawn blinds and chain-locked doors of his mansion in suburban Mission Hills, Kans., an old man last week waited in anguish. He was wealthy and respected, but Robert C. Greenlease, 71, felt the poverty of the helpless. His young son had been kidnaped.

A pioneer in the automotive industry, with a prosperous General Motors distributorship based in Kansas City, Mo., Robert Greenlease was 65 when his 39-



Associated Press
BOBBY GREENLEASE & FATHER
... and then the nun's heart sank.

year-old wife bore him a son. The boy, Bobby, grew into an alert six-year-old who always knew what he wanted and usually got it. His kiddie car was a battery-powered jeep, scaled to his size; and his pets included a green parrot and a French poodle.

At 11 o'clock one morning last week, a chunky woman with red-tinted hair walked into the reception room at Kansas City's fashionable French Institute of Notre Dame de Sion, where Bobby Greenlease was a first-grader. She was Bobby's aunt, she said, and she had come for him because his mother had suffered a heart attack. Could the boy be released from school to go to his mother's bedside? A nun went to get Bobby, while the woman entered the school's tranquil chapel and knelt in prayer. Down from his classroom, Bobby gave her a long, slow look but, trusting in the wisdom of adults, accompanied her without protest. "I'm not a Catholic," said the woman on leaving, "but I hope He heard my prayers." Replied the nun: "I am sure He heard

them." Then woman and child got into a waiting cab, whose driver let them out several blocks away. From there, so far as family and police were concerned, they stepped into nowhere.

An hour later, another nun called the Greenlease home. Mrs. Greenlease, supposedly ill, answered. How was she feeling? Just fine, she told Mère Marthanna. "And then," recalled the nun, "my heart sank way down and I realized what had happened."

The kidnapping had the earmarks of a smoothly professional job. Item: A telephone call to the home ten days earlier from a phony "representative of the public schools" who asked Bobby's age, where he attended school, even about his pets. To the cloistered Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion, the crime was symptomatic. Said Mère Marthanna: "The world is much closer to falling apart than we sometimes realize." Robert C. Greenlease took a more specific view. He offered a "blank check" for the return of his son—alive.

FLORIDA

Silenced: a Calm Voice

Dan McCarty was a quiet man. He tried for 16 years to make his calm voice heard above the clatter of Florida politics. He was also a stubborn man and, as the mortal enemy of Florida's avaricious dog-track lobby, he finally got himself elected governor, and set himself to the job of cleaning up after Governor Fuller Warren. He promised the citizens of Florida that his administration would not be one of "sounding brass or tinkling cymbals."

After only seven weeks in office, McCarty suffered a heart attack. His recovery was painfully slow. But from his bed in the governor's mansion, he managed to keep a firm hand on state affairs. Payrolls were slashed, Florida's purchasing system was reformed, and a \$37 million building program, to include a new mental hospital and a medical school for the University of Florida, was started. McCarty's proudest achievement, however, was in pushing past the agonized yelps of the dog-track lobby a bill which increased the state's share from pari-mutuel betting.

Just up & about again, McCarty last month rode in a Shriners' parade. He caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. The pneumonia cleared up, but McCarty's weakened heart could not stand the strain. Last week, at 41, he died.

Florida voters next year will pick a man to fill the last two years of McCarty's term. Until then, the governor's place will be held by Senate President Charley E. Johns, an old-school politician who must rise high above this reputation if Florida is to escape a return to the Fuller Warren type of government-by-lobby. State law will not permit Johns to run for governor next year, and McCarty's followers are determined to find a candidate who will carry out their reform program. Among those prominently mentioned: retired General James A. Van Fleet, a Florida resident and citrus grower.

INTERNATIONAL

KOREA

Sin of Omission

For two labyrinthine years, the U.N. held out at Panmunjom for the right of prisoners of war to refuse to go back behind the Iron Curtain. That question finally became the central issue of the truce talks. The truce agreement conceded the U.N. view; it specifically ruled that no P.W. should be forced to return home.

To get this agreement, however, the U.N. did agree that P.W.s should spend 90 days in neutral custody while representatives of their governments "explained" their positions. Furthermore, the U.N. omitted to negotiate the details of this procedure. That was left to the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, comprising Red Poland and Czechoslovakia, neutral Sweden and Switzerland, and India, the chairman. Last week the U.N. was shocked to learn that its sin of omission might imperil the basic principle of non-repatriation, for which, in effect, the closing months of the war had been fought.

The Rules. First, the Neutral Commission sent a letter to the 14,800 Chinese and the 7,800 North Korean prisoners at Indian Village in Korea's demilitarized zone. "We have come here," the commission said, "to protect you from any form of coercion . . . to assure you of your freedom to exercise your right to be repatriated." The P.W.s must listen "absolutely, by necessity," to the explainers, who would "inform you of your peaceful life and complete freedom upon your returning home."

This letter indicated that the commission and its Indian chairman, Lieut. Gen-

eral K. S. Thimayya, had accepted the Communist argument that "certain interested parties," and not the love of freedom, were keeping the prisoners on this side of the Iron Curtain. At once, the U.N. protested that the letter's "wording, method of presentation and the strong implications have been slanted towards unduly influencing prisoners of war . . . to repatriation, rather than making a free, independent choice."

Two days later, the commission issued the long-awaited ground rules for the 90-day explanations. After one quick look at them, one U.N. officer gasped: "They've bought just about everything the Communists wanted." The commission ruled that each P.W. must undergo individual explanation, eight hours a day, six days a week, before an audience "not exceeding 35" officials of his own and neutral countries. After the explanations, P.W.s would be relocated in different compounds, so that their waiting friends would not know whether they had decided to go home, or what had happened to them. Again the U.N. protested.

The Riots. Confusion and uncertainty lay heavily upon the P.W.s in Indian Village. The fact was that the U.N., despite many promises to watch over them, no longer had control over what happened to them; it had given up its control in the armistice. While loudspeakers blared Indian marches and love songs ("Neutral music," the Indians called it), Chinese and North Korean P.W.s banged tin cans and shouted. "We will face death rather than the Red explainers." Several other prisoners, possibly left behind as Communist plants, cried out that they were being intimidated by Nationalist Chinese (see

cut) and were handed over to Red custody. The 5,600 Indian guards, appalled and bewildered by the commotion, stared blankly through the barbed wire or stayed in their quarters.

The first real clash came when Polish and Czech members of the commission entered a compound to inspect a hospital. P.W.s stoned the party, and Indian guards fought back with heavy sticks. From two other compounds, P.W.s scratched bloody paths across 10-ft. barbed-wire fences. Faced with a mass breakout, the Indians fired twelve shots. One North Korean was killed, five wounded.

Next day an Indian doctor snatched a razor from a Chinese P.W. who had slit his own throat and ordered the man taken to the hospital. Before Indian guards could take him away, however, some P.W.s called to another compound for help. Once more P.W.s rushed the wire, and this time charged the Indians. The Indians fired. Two Chinese were killed and five wounded. That afternoon, the Indian commander broadcast to the P.W.s: "We have consistently avoided opening fire, but if you force us to do so, the responsibility is entirely yours."

Breaking Faith. The shots the Indians fired were heard round the world. From Taipei, Formosa, the Chinese Nationalist government denounced "the unneutral, unjust, inhuman action." In Seoul, South Korea's Acting Foreign Minister threatened to "drive out the irresponsible Indian troops." The unnerved Indians blamed Chinese Nationalists and South Korean leaders in the compounds for their troubles.

At week's end Commission Chairman Thimayya (who casts the commission's deciding vote) rejected the U.N. protests against the commission's ground rules for the explanation period; he also requested that the 90 days be extended beyond the accepted 24th of December. The U.N. refused: the jittery P.W.s, already feeling abandoned by their friends, might well decide, "Ten days could stretch into ten years. Let's throw in the towel." Said outgoing U.N. Supreme Commander General Mark Clark: "We cannot be a party to breaking faith."

But until Dec. 24 it would be the commission and Thimayya, not the U.N. and Clark, that would decide whether the Communists explain or coerce, thanks to that error of omission at Panmunjom.

WESTERN EUROPE The Laggards

"Look at world production curves and compare them. In the U.S., industrial production has increased 8% in two years. In Europe, 1%. This figure does not include Germany, purposely. It has increased 13%. Let's look at the Soviet bloc. What do we see? A continued development."

The speaker: France's Robert Marjolin, secretary general of the Organization for



Associated Press

CHINESE PRISONER HANDED OVER TO REDS IN KOREA
Just "explainers," said the Indians.

European Economic Cooperation, the European clearinghouse to deal with U.S. economic aid. His worry: that unless Western Europe overhauls its economic thinking it will never catch up.

Western Europe's chief problem, he said last week, is no longer the dollar shortage. The lags in expansion and restrictions on trade are what most ails it. "The enemy is protectionism in all its forms," said he. In what is rare talk for a Frenchman, he denounced Europe's own high tariffs as "anachronistic and anti-economic."

"In the West as well as in the East, the forces grow," warned Marjolin. "The world balance changes while Europe lags behind." It is true, he added, that Russia expands without liberty and with forced labor. "We can pity the men, denounce the methods, but let us not forget that tomorrow we must reckon with Soviet economic power."

Rifled, Bumped & Slotted

Ten thousand Americans in Paris were using—with wry distaste—a new verb last week. The word is *riffed*. It means to be fired for economy, and it comes from the bureaucratic phrase Reduction In Force, the new Dulles-Stassen program to cut down expenses in the agencies that hand out U.S. aid overseas. Last June Congress directed Foreign Operations Director Harold Stassen to 1) fire 10% of the old Mutual Security Agency staff; 2) slash by a third the number of job-holders getting \$12,000 a year or more.

Paris, which a year ago had four U.S. officials with the rank of ambassador,* and was crowded with proliferating U.S. missions to NATO, EDC and OEEC, was the obvious place to begin. The State Department cut its staff 30%. Stassen also set to work. Half a dozen special agencies were lumped into one big U.S. Mission to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and European Regional Organizations (USRO). Two hundred Americans and 437 French employees were rifled in the process; the savings would cut USRO's administrative expenses in Paris by 50%. Other Americans suffered drastic cuts in what the British call "perks" (short for perquisites). FOA staffers will no longer get free bus service to the PX stores, and if they make less than \$6,000 a year, must cross the Atlantic in cabin, not first class, with the Government paying the bill. Free French lessons are out; so are chauffeur-driven limousines for all but the six top executives.

Not all the savings are net to the U.S. taxpayer. A rifled employee who is a permanent civil servant usually gets slotted (re-absorbed) in Washington. Another can sometimes bump (push out) the man below him, and move down into his job. The bumping process can presumably continue until only the office junior is rifled.

The bureaucrats acknowledged that their staffs could stand squeezing, but last week Americans in Paris complained that rifling had reached the point where it



George Georgii

GERMAN WAR PRISONERS RETURNING FROM RUSSIA

These are the lost, said the Communists.

is doing more harm than good. Complaints of insecurity and low morale have reached Congress. One newly rifled employee draped his office with crape and coined a new word for what had happened to him. He had, he said, been Stassenated.

PRISONERS

Homecoming

Across West Germany, newspapers and radio stations broke the news with one simple phrase: "*Sie kommen!*" (They are coming!). All Germans knew what it meant. Eight years after war's end, the U.S.S.R. was sending home "the last" of the Germans still held in Russia as prisoners of war.

Great crowds set off for Herleshausen, a border village where the Russians would deliver the prisoners. It was an odd, silent pilgrimage—government officials, clerics, rich Germans from the cities, farmers in their Sunday best. All wore the strained expression of desperate hope.

"Have You Seen This Man?" At the border, Communist trucks unloaded their passengers. The crowd broke into cheers. The worn, too-old-looking men shuffled across the border in cheap new suits given to them by their captors. Among them were a few women caught up in the Red army sweeps of 1943 and 1944. Behind several of them walked children born in prison camps.

From the waiting crowd, women dashed out waving faded photographs of lost sons or husbands, and spoke in whispers, "Have you seen this man?" "Do you know this man?" Most of the P.W.s just walked mechanically on, past the crowd and into waiting buses, to be taken to the refugee processing center near Göttingen.

Eleven Generals. Of the 3,000,000 Germans said by the West Germans to have been swallowed up by Russia, 800,000 were sent back in repatriation ship-

ments between 1945 and 1950. Hundreds of thousands of others listed by the Germans as missing have never been accounted for by the Russians, but "a few"—perhaps 13,000, said Moscow—were kept tried as war criminals and sentenced to punishment in Soviet jails and labor camps. Those who came home through Herleshausen last week in batches of 400 to 500 a day were the "war criminals." In one shipment, the Russians sent back eleven generals,* but most of the returning P.W.s were soldiers of *Wehrmacht* and SS battalions which fought in Russia.

Corporal Fritz Keuntje, a one-time auto mechanic of 33, with the face and stooped back of an old man, had been captured in Czechoslovakia and shipped to a Soviet camp. In 1949, a Russian officer and woman interpreter came to question him: "They asked me whether I had ever passed through a certain village and whether I had been ordered to burn or loot. I said no. They put me into a cell with . . . just room to stand and said, 'If you don't confess, we will leave you here until your legs fall off!'"

Keuntje and 16 other Germans were tried in a five-hour session before a Soviet tribunal (others told of trials lasting only three or four minutes), then were sentenced to hard labor. His guard asked him how many years he had got. "I told him 25," said Keuntje. "He looked at his list and said I must be mistaken; his list said only five. Later he rechecked and told me with a smile: 'You were right. It is 25.'"

In tones more weary than bitter, all told stories that differed in detail but agreed in substance with Keuntje's. "If we died, they carted off the bodies. If we lived, we lived," said Keuntje.

* Who reported that Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus, the loser at Stalingrad, is now serving 25 years at hard labor in a Soviet prison camp.

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

Nobody Here But Us Russians

For the first time since Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess of Britain's Foreign Office disappeared more than two years ago, Moscow was provoked to comment on the case. The Soviet propaganda weekly *New Times* last week denied that Burgess and MacLean had voluntarily gone or had been lured behind the Iron Curtain. "The insolent, provocative nature of these theories," said the magazine, "stinks to high heaven." As for the recent disappearance of Mrs. MacLean and her three children from Geneva (TIME, Sept. 28), said *New Times*, that is "insignificant in itself and without the slightest connection with the Soviet Union."

GREAT BRITAIN

Down Goes Nationalization

"A boss is a boss, no matter whether he gets the job from the state or private owners. Sometimes the bosses of private industry are more reasonable to deal with."

—A British coal miner.

"It's no use thinking everything in the garden is perfect once the state takes over. That just isn't so."

—A British postal clerk.

Five years ago, Britain's Labor Party would have howled down such statements with shouts of "Reaction!" "Treason to the Cause!" Last week, when they heard them, 3,000 Labor Party delegates applauded vigorously. By overwhelming majorities the party's 52nd Annual Conference, meeting in Margate, chucked out a string of leftist proposals to nationalize: 1) the land, 2) the aircraft industry, 3) machine tools, 4) arms plants. In so doing, it confirmed what was fast becoming apparent: that "nationalization," the great solve-all of the doctrinaires, has worn out its welcome in Britain.

With five years of public ownership behind them, Britain's 5,000,000 trade unionists are openly skeptical of Whitehall's ability to dig more coal, grow more food, build more houses than private business can. "It's perfectly easy to draw up lists of industries to be nationalized," said wealthy George Strauss, who, as Attlee's Minister of Supply, nationalized British Steel. "But that's not the Socialist approach—it's the escapist approach."

Only the noisy Bevanites, few of whom work with their hands, still cling to the Marxist dogma that the state alone must own "the means of production. They were steam-rollered at Margate by the trade-union mass that is the heart (and the bankroll) of British Socialism.

The conference wound up with a speech from Clement Attlee. He appealed for "unity of aim and action," predicted a general election "in a very short time." This time, said Attlee, Labor will win.

Back to Work

Tanned and smiling but still somewhat frail looking, Anthony Eden reported back for work at Whitehall last week after six months' absence (for an operation in Boston, a recuperation cruise on the Mediterranean). Landing in London just an hour after Sir Winston Churchill returned from his own Riviera vacation, Eden arrived amid rumors that he would not return to the Foreign Office, was about to be kicked upstairs as Deputy Prime Minister to Churchill.

Eden uneasily dodged questioners, indicating he was a little unsure himself of his future status, and took himself to 10 Downing Street to confer with the Prime



Topical Press

ANTHONY EDEN
The way he wants it.

Minister. Later, to Downing Street issued a succinct announcement: "As from next Monday . . . Mr. Anthony Eden will resume his duties as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

That was as he wanted it: Eden prefers the reality of the Foreign Office to the grander-titled but thankless anonymity of odd-job man to Churchill. Either way, the aging (56) bright young man of Torydom is still at the top of the list of prospective heirs to failing Prime Minister Churchill.

TURKEY

Dictatorship to democracy

With eight pages of color

see page 58

ITALY

The Lottery Ticket

Gabriele Mussi's mother, Candida, played the national lotteries all her life, but cautious Gabriele never did. A slight, earnest man of 35, Gabriele is a farm foreman at Sant'Ilario, near Genoa, where he lives quietly with his wife. Last year his chance-taking mother died, at 75. Last month Gabriele, walking in downtown Genoa, passed a vendor selling tickets on the Merano lottery, Italy's oldest and largest. He remembered that it was the first anniversary of his mother's death. For the first time in his life—in memory of his mother—Gabriele bought a ticket, No. H-64306.

Along with the ticket Gabriele received a postcard bearing the same number: a free ticket to a tie-in lottery run by a film company. Gabriele wrote his name and address on the postcard and mailed it off to Rome—but without the stamp. A few days later, while he was on holiday at the coastal town of Recco, a pickpocket got Gabriele's wallet, containing some \$24 and ticket No. H-64306.

Last week added grief came to Gabriele Mussi. The radio announced that No. H-64306 had won first prize of 50 million lire (\$80,000). How could Gabriele prove that the winning number was rightfully his? He appealed to the film company for help. With 300,000 postcards to rifle through, and the added likelihood that Gabriele's stampless card had not arrived at all, the film people refused.

The government was equally firm. On the back of each ticket appears the legend: "Winning ticket must be produced in the original and no equivalent whatsoever will be accepted." Somewhere, if it has not been lost or destroyed, is the \$80,000 ticket, in the hands of a thief who does not dare get caught with it.

SAUDI ARABIA

Life in Purgatory

To Americans living in Saudi Arabia, life in the oil-rich desert land of Mohammed is a sort of steamy purgatory. Items: ① Foreigners may not build churches for their own use. They may not be married in Arabia. Church services are held surreptitiously in recreation halls. Clergymen come in from Persian Gulf ports disguised as teachers.

② No alcoholic beverages may be imported, not even beer and wine. Even the foreign embassies in Jidda are forbidden shipments of liquor.

③ Aramco (Arabian-American Oil Co.) employees may not keep dogs as pets. This is not a Saudi restriction; it is an Aramco ruling to appease the government of ailing, powerful Ibn Saud. Moslems consider dogs to be unclean.

④ The words "club," "bridge" and "dance" are forbidden, although these social activities are carried on under other

names. Mixed swimming parties on the Jidda beaches are forbidden.

Traffic penalties are so severe that Aramco's seven U.S. lawyers and a staff of "government relations" men spend most of their time trying to settle them. A 20 m.p.h. speed limit is rigidly enforced even on desert roads.

Anyone desiring to cross 13 miles of water from Dhahran to Bahrain for a weekend must pay a head tax of \$40.

Recently some Americans smoking in public have had cigarettes slapped out of their mouths by Arabian police.

TIME and Newsweek are banned, and similar bans are being considered for Saturday Post and Esquire. Any books brought in—from paper-bound whodunits to encyclopedias—are likely to be confiscated.

Americans put up with these strictures because Saudi Arabia is, after all, a holy land, and because Aramco values its royalties and the U.S. its big air base. Sometimes Americans lose their tempers: whether they are right or wrong in any particular ruckus, they are usually shipped home. One American was shot and wounded by a Saudi with the victim's own gun. The American was reprimanded for having a weapon, and deported; the shooter was admonished and set free.

Late in August three Americans trespassed in the holy city of Mecca, forbidden to infidels. The Americans—Walter Coughlan, Antone Silva and Clyde Jackson—were employees of International Bechtel, a U.S. firm doing construction work in Saudi Arabia. Since they were not newcomers in the country, it seemed clear that they had foolishly driven their car to Mecca out of a sense of adventure, not because they had lost their way or were ignorant of a centuries-old taboo.

How they got past a guarded barrier ten miles out of Mecca, no one knew, but once inside the holy city, they escaped detection for a while in the dense throngs of pilgrims. When they tried to find their way out to Jidda, they were overheard speaking English, and Saudi soldiers pounced. The trespassers were taken to Jidda and thrown into a fly-infested jail. There they still languished last week. They had been fined about \$1,200 each and sentenced to six months in the jug.

Bachtel representatives and a U.S. Embassy man have been allowed to see them and bring them food. In Washington, officials were quick to point out that the Saudis had been provoked and were well within their rights.

THE PHILIPPINES

Candidate for Pallbearer

"If he were my father," said a physician. "I wouldn't care if he were President or not. I'd tell him to relax and live longer." But President Elpidio Quirino of the Philippine Republic was in no mood to relax. During the past three weeks, plainly showing the strain of a gout condition and the gastric ulcer operations he underwent in July at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital, 62-year-old Quirino has

campaigned with a martyr's zeal to save his administration from overthrow by former Defense Minister Ramon Magsaysay at the polls next month. "I don't give a damn what happens to my life," Quirino said as he went from rally to rally accompanied by a doctor and nurse. "I've already dedicated it to my country and my God, but I may yet be a pallbearer at the funerals of some of those who say I won't live until the election."

In sharp contrast to Magsaysay, who habitually roamed from barrio to barrio in Harry Truman-type sport shirts, Quirino traveled by plane and yacht, made his speeches clad in impeccable, gleaming white. "I'm already known as a man of the people," he said.

The President had made a fateful decision in the past week: to make political capital out of his opponent's strongest



Rodolfo Sokdalana—Manila Bulletin
President Quirino Campaigning in Manila
With a martyr's zeal, in impeccable white.

asset—the tacit U.S. support of the Magsaysay candidacy. As Philippine President for the past four years, Quirino has busily courted the favor of Washington, without whose aid his nation could have achieved neither independence nor prosperity. Only a few weeks ago he was publicly hinting—without a shred of evidence—that his recent visit to the U.S. would result in even more U.S. favors. Last week Quirino turned sharply about-face and placed his Liberal Party squarely on record as opposed to any U.S. interference whatever with "the sovereignty and independence" of the Philippines. "Today it is clear," he said, "that I am the candidate of the Filipino people and the other is the candidate of the American people."

A few days later, Quirino lashed out at a Nacionalista Party suggestion that U.S. observers be invited over to guarantee a clean election. "Are we going to allow a foreign power to come here again?" he asked. "Why do we have to go 10,000

miles across the ocean to ask America to help us? I shall never permit foreign troops to come here again."

"Cheap jingoism," sniffed Magsaysay's Campaign Manager Carlos Romulo. But Quirino, a shrewd old politician, seemed to think that in "American interference" he had at last found a winning issue.

FRANCE

Parisian Holiday

The Ambassador felt free to talk, now that his 19-year-old charge, Crown Prince Akihito, had left the dangers of Paris behind. During the Prince's recent exemplary week in Paris, he attended the opera, strolled along the boulevards, and avoided the Parisian spots dearest to the ambitions of most young men his age.

Writing for Tokyo's *Asahi Shimbun*,

Japan's Ambassador to France Kumao Nishimura last week proudly recounted the diplomatic triumph that lay behind the Prince's sedate course:

"One day as the Prince's limousine was passing through the Champs-Elysées, the Prince casually asked: 'How are the revues in Paris these days?' I thought: 'Here it comes.' After hesitating for a moment, I collected my thoughts and answered: 'Your Highness, revues in Paris enjoy worldwide fame simply because there used to be such outstanding stars as Mistinguett and Josephine Baker, but their days are gone . . . The revue in Paris does not appear to be what it used to be.'

"After a minute of silence I added: 'Your Highness will be going to Biarritz and Cannes. When you visit those places, please go out on the beach. You will find lots of women here and there almost naked. You will see more than you will at a revue. But, Your Highness, it would be advisable to wear smoked glasses.'"

EGYPT

Tried for Treason

In his 57 years, Ibrahim Abdel Hady had risen far from peasant beginnings to a palace in Cairo and the eminence of Premier of Egypt (1948). One of the nation's best lawyers and orators, a powerful politician, he was also irreproachably nationalist; he had once been jailed for life by the hated British.

But he had made one mistake, and last week it hung around his neck like a noose. On becoming Premier, he cracked down hard on the fanatic Moslem Brotherhood, whom he blamed for the murders of his two predecessors in office. He flung hundreds into jail, where they were tortured (some had their nails pulled out) to extort confessions. He even showed up at some interrogations himself, slapping suspects' faces, spitting at them.

On May 25, 1949, he picked on the wrong victim. To a 31-year-old major just back from the disastrous Palestine war, he said: "Young man, you've been going into their headquarters. You've been giving the Brotherhood military training. Come clean with me." The soft-spoken major denied the accusations, though, as he later admitted, "I had a paper in my wallet which would have proven my guilt." At the first chance, the young officer excused himself, went to the toilet, flushed the paper away, and returned. Unable to prove anything against the major, Hady told him, "You're a young fool," but he finally let him go.

Six Crimes. The major was Gamal Abdel Nasser, now the brains and driving force behind Egypt's ruling revolutionary government. Last week, nervous and shaking, grey-haired Ibrahim Abdel Hady stood before the extraordinary Revolutionary Tribunal charged with six crimes: conspiring with a foreign power against the regime, treason, corruption, graft, terrorism, complicity in murder. His was the first trial under the new tribunal.

The ex-Premier seemed in a daze, and sat gazing numbly, occasionally lighting a cigarette. He spoke once in sentences that trembled past his lips: "I am sure of my innocence. A man devoted his whole life to serve his country and yet he is charged with treason. I leave my fate in your hands. If ending Abdel Hady's life is in the interests of Egypt, let it end. I am still the Egyptian youth who served his country."

Forty-Eight Acres. At 10 to the third morning, Abdel Hady, standing motionless before the court-martial, heard his fate: death by hanging; confiscation of his \$100,000 fortune, except for the 48 acres of land he inherited from his father. Two days later, with a great show of magnanimity, President Naguib's twelve-man Revolutionary Command Council commuted Hady's sentence to life in prison.

Still awaiting trial are at least 32 more Egyptians, including the once powerful Premier Mustafa el Nahas, and Hafez Afifi, onetime chief of Farouk's royal cabinet. The military rulers had ap-



United Press

DEFENDANT HADY

"I leave my fate in your hands."

parently decided that if they are to give Egypt the stability that Kemal Ataturk gave Turkey (see p. 58), they must deal as sternly as he did with the opposition. Gamal Nasser, the "young major," has made a thorough study of Ataturk's life.

INDIA

Twenty-Ninth State

India last week got its 29th state, Andhra, a rich rice land carved from the state of Madras (see map). On hand for the inauguration ceremony, smiling and suitably festive, was India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, who had done everything in his power to block the new state and to delay its creation. Andhra was specifically designed to fit the largest block of Telugu-speaking people—some 20 millions—into one state. Nehru feared this would set a trend towards the Balkanization of the Indian Republic along the lines of India's 15 languages, 250 dialects. Five other linguistic groups were already



Timed Map by V. Puglia

demanding that new states be carved for those who spoke Punjabi, Marathi, Gujarati, Kanarese, Malayalam.

This decision pleases the Communists, who think they can undermine the smaller states more easily than the large. In Andhra, where the Communists are stronger than anywhere else in India, they already hold 45 seats of the 140-man state legislative assembly, and one drought might tip the political scales in their favor. But Nehru, a canny man when it comes to fighting the Communists in his own country, managed to patch together a coalition between his own Congress Party and a few independents that would give his side a handy majority in Andhra; he located the state capital at Kurnool, far from the Communist pressure groups of the seacoast; he persuaded respected, 85-year-old Tanguturi Prakasam, who quit the Congress Party 30 months ago, to rejoin the party as Andhra's chief minister of state. Then he warned 100,000 new Andhrans in Kurnool that they should not set themselves aside from India, India was the mansion, states such as Andhra its rooms. "The spirit of unity should prevail," he said, "if the country is to prosper."

IRAN

The High Cost of Mossadegh

Teheran's new government last week gave its people the first inkling of how much Mohammed Mossadegh's "victory" over the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. had cost the country.

Normal oil revenues lost in the 29 months since nationalization: \$180 million.

Actual operating deficit in the oilfields: \$61 million.

Tools, overhaul, required to get the giant Abadan refinery back into full production: \$30 to \$40 million.

Total loss to Iran: at least \$271 million—\$9,600,000 for each month that Mossadegh ruled.

Premier Fazlollah Zahedi's purpose in publishing these disastrous totals was to hint at his desire to settle with the British and restart the oil industry, "the main source of income in the Iranian nation." In explosively chauvinistic Iran, such ideas have to be gingerly phrased: "It is impossible to carry on national reforms without a solution of the oil problem . . . This government hopes to take efficient steps toward exploiting this resource."

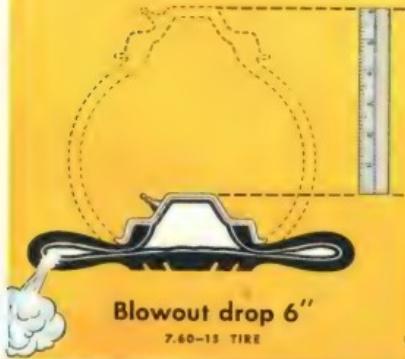
GERMANY

Herr Berlin

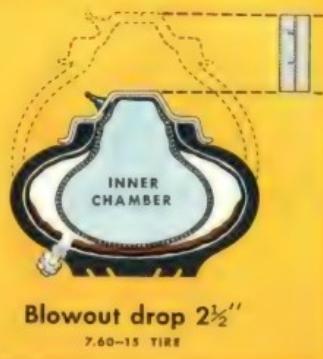
The last time West Berliners saw their lord mayor in public was at the end of an evening of Wagner in their Municipal Opera House. The last chord of the *Götterdämmerung* had ebbed, the lights were up, the audience rose to go. Burly, hunched Ernst Reuter still sat in his center loge, his eyes bright, abstractedly beating time with nicotine-stained forefinger to some passage of the music that had died. Two days later Ernst Reuter,

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So you actually save 20% to 43% per wheel over other types of blowout and puncture protection. See your Goodyear dealer soon! Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



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finest whiskey you've ever enjoyed.

Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York. Blended
Whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.





Keystone Press Agency

ERNST REUTER

He stood where worlds collide.

rumpled, undaunted hero of the cold war, died at his modest home of a heart attack. Without him, West Berlin would not be the same.

Commissar. Ernst Reuter was the symbol of his city's will to be free, and of his nation's will to unite. He stood where worlds collide, and was not dwarfed; he gazed down the cannon's throat and refused to be awed. West Berlin is still a far-flung outpost, tempest-lashed in a Red sea. Cold war is its way of life and the Iron Curtain its backyard fence, yet in five years as mayor, Reuter refused to accept his city as an island. "Call it a spearhead," he said with a faint grin, and by his courage he made it one.

Reuter was a Prussian who became a pacifist. He was a Socialist who knew what Communism was about, because he had once been a Communist. Fighting on the Russian front in World War I, he was wounded and captured by the Czar's army. They set him to work in the coal mines, south of Moscow. The Red Revolution freed him, and Nikolai Lenin himself made Reuter a commissar in the new U.S.S.R. His boss in the Commissariat of Nationalities was Joseph Stalin, whom he afterwards dismissed as a man with "the mind of a sergeant."

Reuter went back to Berlin in 1918. A letter from Lenin recommended him as "a man with a brilliant and lucid mind—but a little too independent." Reuter soon broke with the Reds and returned to Socialism. *Pravda* called him a warmonger.

Elected to the Reichstag years later, he spoke out against Hitler and was twice put into concentration camp by the Nazis. When he got out, he took refuge in London (where he learned his fluent and colorful English), then skipped to Turkey, where he mastered the language and lectured on city government. At the end of World War II, Ernst Reuter was eking out a living in Ankara. He rushed home to Berlin.

Man of Hope. "The city lay in ruins," he wrote afterwards. "Barren, rigid as an icy waste, dead. A horrible hopelessness seemed to pervade the atmosphere." Reuter's first historic achievement was to give Berlin hope.

Reuter's long-memoried Socialists elected him mayor. His slouching figure, encased in flapping, light raincoat and surmounted by a cheeky black beret, soon became a familiar sight in West Berlin. Poking in the ruins with his thick, brown cane, strolling through the Tiergarten, where he would sometimes help the *Hausfrauen* gather sticks for their fires, Ernst Reuter became a man whom the people loved. They called him *Herr Berlin*.

Reuter led Berlin out of the valley of death. The airlift that saved it was his finest hour. While the admiring world watched, the first moments of greatness touched the mayor of Berlin, raising him into the company of those who catch and express the spirit of their time. As Churchill's voice had rung from Britain in the dark days of 1940, so the voice of Ernst Reuter rang out from blockaded Berlin, defying the enemy, rousing the free. "Nothing is going to be conquered here—" he thundered. "This city cannot be conquered—We will defend this old Berlin with our bodies . . ."

Ivan, Scram. Impatient with what he called the "old, fearful, pussyfooting non-combatants garbed in the robes of diplomatic wisdom," Reuter jeered at the Russians and at the people who would bend before them. "What are the Soviets after?" he asked sarcastically. "What is the significance of the third sentence in the second paragraph of some editorial in a propaganda sheet steered from Moscow? This wholly unimaginative, enfeebled attitude of people who stare like rabbits at a snake, and wait to be devoured—this just fills the Soviets with contempt."

Long before it was fashionable, the Socialist mayor of Berlin was urging the West to get tough with the Communists. "They will become unbelievably agreeable when the West begins to act," he said. Reuter's idea of action was to rearm Germany within a European framework, then launch a "political offensive to get the Soviets peacefully out of Europe." "Why should not the Soviets say, 'Yank, go home!'" he demanded. "Why don't we all start saying 'Ivan, scram!'"

Candles Behind the Curtain. When the Reds once threatened a May Day rally in West Berlin, Reuter called out half a million anti-Communist workers, and the Reds shied off. When the June 17 riots exploded in East Berlin, he optimistically hailed them as "the beginning of the end of the East Berlin regime."

Distributing U.S. food packets to hungry East Germans was Reuter's happiest chore. "I am glad," he told his people, "that for once we can do something except just talk."

Last week in Berlin there were candles for Ernst Reuter on both sides of the Brandenburger Tor. His body lay on a catafalque in front of his beloved Rathaus. The coffin was draped in the Berlin

THE STORY OF BOSTON'S FAMED *Parker House*

Birthday . . .

Readers of TIME during the past twenty-one years have supplied much of the authentic data upon which has been based the content of the Parker House column running in this magazine. Bostonians and transplanted New Englanders everywhere seem to derive real pleasure in culling from attics, old periodicals and odd collections of all sorts, letters, photographs, and yellowed newspaper clippings. Item most frequently received is from the Boston Herald of April 24, 1856, which on that date carried the modest advertisement reproduced below . . .

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON.

This new and elegant establishment situated on School street is now completed, and will be open for guests on Monday, Oct. 2nd. It is a large, airy, comfortable hotel, with spacious rooms, having Chambers and Parlors for the accommodation of alcoves and drawing-rooms, and a large hall, where meals will be served at all hours of the day. The arrangements of numerous private Dining and Drawing-rooms, and a large Hall, for public meetings, are unsurpassed. There is also a Restaurant, and a large Room on School street, for special accommodations of ladies and gentlemen accompanied by gentlemen. The proprietors have spared no expense in the arrangement of the building, in the appointments, and they assure that no effort shall be wanting to make the Apartment Hotel a success.

H. D. PARKER,
JOHN F. WILLIS.

FIRST PARKER HOUSE

ADVERTISEMENT

Item most frequently received . . .

In great degree so might today's modern Parker House speak of itself in the same language. Fine food and comfort, principal attributes of the Parker House of 1856, are still deemed of primary importance by the present management. Up-to-date equipment and the increased measure of service which the years have developed multiply the satisfactions which have brought, and continue to bring, world-wide fame to Boston's Parker House.*

When the original hotel gave place to the new modern building on the same site, the task of catering to the 20th century hotel guest had become a far different problem from that which confronted its founder. In inaugurating on October 8, 1953 its 98th year of uninterrupted public service to the world's travelers, the Parker House will in fact provide its guests with accommodations and facilities which undoubtedly were undreamed of even a decade ago. Yet despite its modernity, Parker House president Glennwood J. Sherrard believes that the hotel's primary asset is its traditionally high and unique standards of hospitality, food and service. These, despite changing conditions, wars, and the passage of time, have over the years been, and will continue to be, constantly maintained.

*Rooms begin at \$6.00. All have circulating ice-water, bath, 4-network radio.

Parker House

BOSTON

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flag and surmounted by his black beret. All one day and all that night, tens of thousands of Berliners filed past. Among them were many East Berliners, clutching their free food parcels. "He was our Reuter too," said one East zone woman. Her husband could only mutter: "What will we do now?"

JAPAN

The Search

Whenever he could spare the money, which was seldom enough, Yonosuke Itakura, a poverty-stricken job printer, sent his sickly daughter Yoko from Tokyo to the hot springs in the Buddhist Temple of the Understanding Way in the mountains of Hakone. There, one day last summer, a landslide roared down the mountains burying the child, her mother and eight others beneath a varicolored rubble of clay, pumice, granite boulders and choking volcanic ash. Rescue workers searched among the debris for bodies, but before the remains of Yoko and her mother were found, the search was abandoned. Yonosuke and his sons went on digging alone, for he had vowed to "search for the bodies for the rest of my life, if necessary."

For two months the Itakuras dug in vain. The local villagers thought that the presence of the Itakuras was bad for tourist business, and sneered at them: "You are fools; why don't you give up?" The Itakuras dug on.

One day last week, Yonosuke fell asleep and dreamed of his daughter. "I saw her," he said, "not clearly, but as through a haze. She held out her arms and said, 'Daddy, daddy, my hands are all black.'" Back at his digging next day, Yonosuke noticed for the first time a thick slime of coal-black clay oozing out of the debris. He dug in the slime until a side of the trench fell in. There, embalmed in the clay which had blacked their hands and faces, lay the bodies of his wife and his daughter. "Some villagers rushed up to congratulate me," said Yonosuke, "but I just looked away."

Bitter Rice

After floods, typhoons and the wettest summer in 50 years, Japan measured her rice crop last week and found it 2,000,000 tons short. The Ministry of Agriculture's verdict: the worst crop in twelve years. Japan, which even in good years must import rice (mainly from Siam), will be able to buy only about 1,000,000 tons, since prices are so high (\$213 a ton) and most rice-surplus countries are lagging behind their prewar production.

During the occupation, many Japanese tried the newfangled idea of eating bread for breakfast instead of rice, but are now returning to rice, claiming that bread did not fill them. Tokyo's black-market rice prices are almost double last year's. Alarmed, the ministry announced plans to speed up home production of artificial rice, a compound of wheat, starch and 10% natural rice. The Minister of Agriculture's wife said that she had secretly fed her husband artificial rice for two months, and "he never knew the difference."

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Moisture in the air can make a fluorescent lamp slow to start. The wet film that condenses on the lamp is a good enough conductor to detour some of the electricity needed for proper starting.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Tokyo, General **Mark Clark**, completing 17 months as commander of American and U.N. forces in the Far East, went down to the airport to greet his successor. General **John E. Hull**, and gave him an enthusiastic welcome: "Boy, am I glad to see you!" Next day, the generals set off on a two-day inspection tour of South Korea, where President **Syngman Rhee** presented Clark with the Taeguk Order, South Korea's highest military award, for "eminently meritorious conduct" in the Korean war. Before flying home to the U.S., Clark was asked about rumors that he might become a candidate for mayor of San Francisco in 1955. Said he: "I have no political ambitions for at least two or three months. I merely intend to spend some very pleasant time resting in that city."

Germany's Chancellor **Konrad Adenauer**, 77, finishing up a 16-day vacation ("It was very nice, but too short") at the Black Forest resort of Buehlerhöhe, got an enthusiastic send-off from the chief local physician, who praised his "superlative constitution and distinguished heart."

After almost a half century on the boards, oldtime Showgirl **Sophie Tucker** finally got to play Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria. The occasion was the biggest one-night stand of her career: the Sophie Tucker Golden Jubilee Testimonial. Driving up to the front door in a gilded 1903 Ford and rolling into the Grand Ballroom like a great float (a 24-carat cloth-of-gold



Associated Press

SOPHIE TUCKER
Rolling at the Waldorf.

gown, a Mr. John hat with diamonds and foot-high white aigrettes, a white mink coat). Sophie sat down to a filet mignon dinner with some 1,700 admirers, who paid their way in with \$165,000 for theatrical charities. It was really Sophie's 49th year in show business, but, as she happily explained in her rain-barrel bass: "Honey, I'm all booked up next year; there wouldn't have been time then. The air was damp with sentiment as a succession of old friends and fans, e.g., General **James Van Fleet**, **Ralph Bunche**, **Tallulah Bankhead**, **George Jessel**, **Milton**



Associated Press

QUEEN JULIANA
Ankle-deep on the island.

Berle, **Betty Hutton**, **Edward G. Robinson**, **Jane Froman**, **Joe E. Lewis**, got up to reminisce about buxom Sophie Abusa of Hartford, Conn., who became Sophie Tucker and made the long haul from singing in the gimbills to the *Ziegfeld Follies* and the big time. Now pushing 70 and white-thatched, "The Last of the Red-Hot Mamas" will soon open a four-week stint at Manhattan's Latin Quarter. Said she, dabbing her eyes: "Some of the showmen who were around when I began, they're still around, dearie, but very few of the women are around." Sophie shook her head: "I stood up, I stood up."

Eight months after abandoning her \$3,500-a-week Hollywood job for a Sisters of Charity convent in Kansas, Cinematress **June Havoc**, 27, flew home to Los Angeles, her attempt to become a nun at an end. Photographers snapped her getting kissed by her stepfather and mother, Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Ottestad. Ill health



United Press

JUNE HAVOC & PARENTS
Tried at the convent.

was June's reason for returning to secular life: "I was a novice, and it means just that. It's a time of trial, and if you can't do it, well, you can't."

Looking cold, wet and royally uncomfortable, **Queen Juliana** of The Netherlands was photographed wading about Schouwen island, which has been covered by flood waters since the breaching of the dikes in last winter's gales.

On the little island of San Giovanni in Lake Maggiore, Italy, where he has been reading the Bible and Dante, listening to records and taking motorboat rides, Old Maestro **Arturo Toscanini**, 86, told visitors that his next U.S. concert season (beginning Nov. 7 in Carnegie Hall) would be his last. "When I come back here in April," he said, "I want to stay put."

Soprano **Margaret Truman**, soon to start a twelve-concert tour (Montreal to Honolulu) before resuming her television chores in December, counted herself out as a nightclub performer: "Two shows a night, plus singing in all that smoke and noise—that's the hardest way I know to make a living."

A picket line set up by A.F.L. Theater Managers and Agents marched in front of the Lyric Theater in Baltimore when Spanish Dancer **José Greco** and his troupe came to town. The charge: Greco was touring without the aid of a pressagent. Although the public ignored the pickets, and the fuss got good publicity, Greco gave in, hired a pressagent before moving on to Washington.

Hollywood's strong, silent actor **Alon (Shane) Ladd**, off to Spain to make a picture, boarded the *Queen Elizabeth* in a wheelchair after telling how he had come to break his ankle: while romping with his six-year-old son in an Ottawa hotel room, things got a mite too playful, and he tripped over a chair.



"Sur le Pont d'Avignon"

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the Popes to create an aura of fairytale enchantment.

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SPORT

And Still Champions

Dr. Gallup took no poll on U.S. sympathies, but a pro-Brooklyn sentiment hung unmistakably in the autumn air. At the White House, Ike Eisenhower shook his head when he heard that the Yankees were off to a fast start in the first game. He turned to his visitor of the day, Adlai Stevenson, and cracked: "It's time for a change." In Missouri, same day, Harry Truman told reporters: "The Yankees are getting to be a habit, and it's time somebody did something about it."

On paper, the Dodgers seemed the team to do it. They had outhit the Yankees (.285 to .273) in the regular season. Their sluggers led by Roy Campanella, Gil Hodges, Duke Snider and Carl Furillo, had rolled up 208 homers to the Yankees' 139. True, the Yankee pitching staff was rich in veterans with the habit of winning in the World Series, but in Carl Erskine (20-6), Preacher Roe (11-3) and Billy Loes (14-8) Charley Dressen's Brooklyn had a certified crew of winners, too. Growled old National League Rogers Hornsby: "If the Dodgers don't beat the Yankees this time, they ought to cut their throats."

As it turned out, such advance calculations underrated the Yankees, and a clownish-wise man named Casey Stengel, at 63 the most successful manager in baseball history. Manager Stengel and his Yankees were in no mood for a change; they were after a record fifth World Championship in a row. When the series ended this week, Stengel & Co. had their record.

First Game. The Dodgers sent Right-hander Erskine against the Yankees, but he was wild and the Yankees knocked him out of the game in the first inning with four runs (on three walks and two triples). By the fifth inning the Dodgers were beginning to straighten out the fast-ball pitching of Yankee Allie Reynolds, but old National Leaguer Johnny Sain marched in to replace Reynolds and silence the Dodgers while the Yankees piled up more runs. Score: Yankees, 9; Dodgers, 5.

Second Game. What started as a south-paw pitching duel between Brooklyn's Preacher Roe and the Yankee's Eddie Lopat blew up in a Yankee victory in the eighth, when Mickey Mantle slammed a two-run homer to break a 2-2 tie. The Dodgers outhit the Yanks nine hits to five, but then left ten men stranded on the bases. Score: Yankees, 4; Dodgers, 2.

Third Game. Two games down and burning to win in their home park, the Dodgers gave Pitcher Erskine a second chance. Erskine brought Brooklyn back into the Series, struck out 14 Yankees (Mickey Mantle four times) to set a Series record. Catcher Campanella, bothered by a swollen hand that had been hit by a first-game pitch, suddenly recovered. His eighth-inning homer beat the Yanks, 3-2.

Fourth Game. The Dodgers came out swinging, took a three-run lead in the first inning, and never fell behind. In the ninth



United Press

CELEBRATING YANKEES*

A close one.

inning, a Yankee rally was snuffed out when a fine throw by substitute Leftfielder Don Thompson caught Yankee Billy Martin at the plate. The Dodgers had evened the Series, 7-3.

Fifth Game. Mickey Mantle made up for his strikeouts. In the third inning, with the bases loaded and the score tied 1-1, he hit a soaring grand-slam homer into the upper leftfield stands. The Dodgers rallied, but the final score was Yankees 11, Dodgers 7.

Sixth Game. Carl Erskine again tried to pitch the Dodgers to a win, after only two days of rest, but he lasted only four innings. It was a close one, with the Yankees leading 3-1 going into the ninth. Dodger Carl Furillo then gave Brooklyn fans a foretaste of paradise by poling a

two-run homer into the stands. Then the Yankees struck back; in the last of the ninth, with runners on first and second, Billy Martin drove a line single through the infield. It was his twelfth hit of the series. More important, it scored Hank Bauer with the run that made the Yankees World Champions for another year. Score: Yankees, 4; Dodgers, 3.

The Orioles Sing Again

*Oh . . . somewhere men are laughing,
and somewhere children clown;
That somewhere, friend, is Baltimore
. . . the Browns have come to town!*

From this exuberant paraphrase of *Casey at the Bat*, spread across a whole page of *The Sun* one morning last week, Baltimore baseball fans joyfully learned that their city's 51-year-exile from the major leagues was ended. After twice vetoing the transfer since last spring, the American League Club owners suddenly and solidly (8-0) voted to switch the St. Louis Browns' franchise to Baltimore. What changed their minds was the flying-wedge persistence of Baltimore's Mayor Tommy W. D'Alesandro and Attorney Clarence W. Miles, head of a Baltimore syndicate which will put up the money. Other cities, e.g., Los Angeles, San Francisco, Kansas City and Toronto, made token gestures to get the Browns, but only Baltimore came waving real cash.

The Baltimore interests will pay \$2,475,000 for 80% of the Browns stock. Thus, control of the club will be wrested from Bill Veeck, who was so unpopular with the other owners that they let the eight-place Browns stew on until Veeck made way for new chefs.

Next season, the Browns, rechristened



International

MANAGER STENGEL
A habit.

* Front: Third Baseman Gil McDougald, Pitcher Jim McDonald, Leftfielder Gene Woodling. Rear: Martin and Mantle.



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the Orioles,[®] will move into Baltimore's rebuilt, 51,000-seat municipal stadium, which will be the fourth biggest ballpark in the majors.

As a condition of his approval of the Browns shift, Western-minded New York Yankee Co-Owner Del Webb got from other league fathers a concession that raised new hopes in Los Angeles and San Francisco. The American owners changed their constitution to allow enlargement of the league to ten clubs if "it should become desirable to bring major-league baseball to the Pacific Coast."

In the Third at Belmont

He was a jockey when today's veteran best—Eddie Arcaro and Ted Atkinson—were wearing diapers. He raced to victory on horses with such names as Man o' War, Zev, Flying Ebony, Gallant Fox, and he won the Kentucky Derby three



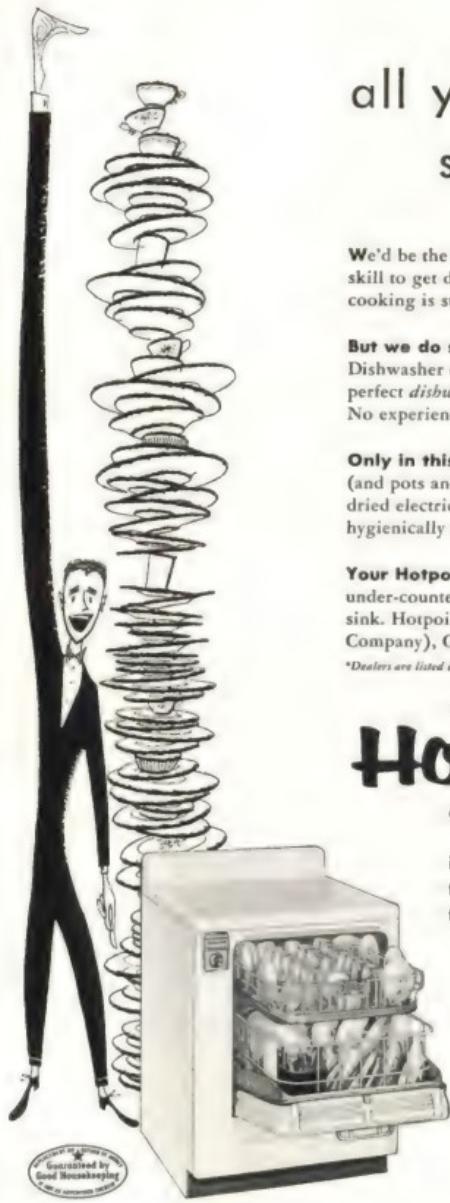
JOCKEY SANDE
Fit.

times, the Belmont Stakes five times. In a time of purses far smaller than today's he brought home more than \$1,000,000 worth. In the age of sport known as golden, Jockey Earl Sande was the best in his business.

There was even a verse about him: it showed how the 'zees felt about Earl Sande, even if it taught a lot of people to mispronounce the name (rhymes with grand). Wrote Columnist Damon Runyon with a Broadway mist in his eye:

*Maybe there'll be another,
Heady and game and true,
Maybe we'll find his brother
At driving them horses through,
Maybe—but, say, I doubt it,
Never his like again—*

* In 1903, the Orioles' American League franchise was switched to the New York Highlanders, now the Yankees. Among members of the old Orioles: John J. McGraw, Wee Willie Keeler, Wilbert Robinson, Hughie Jennings,



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Never a handy guy like Sande
Bootin' them babies in.

By 1928, when Sande was 29, he was finding it hard to keep trimmed down to racing weight, and he called it a career. He made comebacks in 1930 and 1932, then settled down as a horse trainer. Last week, his share of \$3,000,000 worth of purses long gone, Earl Sande told his fellow trainers at Belmont Park that he was ready to try booting them in again. At 54, he had managed to diet down to 113 lbs., about 25 less than he weighed last spring. Examined by a track doctor, Earl was pronounced fit.

In the third race at Belmont early this week, Earl had himself a mount. Trainer Hirsch Jacobs asked him to ride Honest Bread, an undistinguished three-year-old gelding who finished out of the money in his only start this year. The crowd gave the bald little jockey a roaring reception, and sentimentally made his horse the second favorite. Jockey Sande brought his mount in third. "I got a little tired and so did the horse," said Sande, "but at least we didn't dissolve our partnership."

Scoreboard

¶ Notre Dame's football team, ranked the nation's best by a wide margin in its Associated Press poll, limbered up its offense for tougher games ahead by rushing and lateral-passing to an easy victory over Purdue University, 37-7. The No. 2 team, Michigan State, overpowered the University of Minnesota, 21-0, to move into the Big Ten's top spot and push its victory streak to 26 straight games, longest of any major college. Unrated Princeton furnished the thriller of the week, drew even with Columbia by scoring on a desperate forward pass with 23 seconds to go, then made the extra point to win, 20-19.

¶ At Virginia Water, England, Britain's Ryder Cup golfers almost got the cup back from a defending team of U.S. pros—a team which would have meant the first British victory in six tries, 20 years. Two missed short putts made the difference. The U.S. team, captained by Lloyd Mangrum, hung on to the cup again, 6½ points to 5½.

¶ At Belmont Park, a big brown colt named Porterhouse, of Lillington Farm, ran away from a field of 13 other top two-year-olds to win the Belmont Futurity, \$92,875, and delayed recognition as the pick of the two-year-old division. Despite his winning ways on the same track this year, the bettors sent him off at the unaccountably long odds of 7-1, while hustling to dump their money on the Midwest favorite, Hasty Road, which finished tenth.

¶ In Albany, Calif., after the Golden Gate Fields track veterinarian refused to permit two horses to run in the mile-and-sixteenth Millbrae Handicap, the stewards ordered Calumet Farm's Dixie Lad, whose trainer tried to scratch him, to race in order to keep the betting field at eight. Handicap's winner: Dixie Lad, who paid \$31 on a \$2 ticket.



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" . . . nowhere else, can you see graceful llamas loping up the hillsides. They're a symbol of good luck."

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SCIENCE

Atomic Duds

One of the secondary possibilities of atomic war, says Chemist Jack De Ment, in *The Military Engineer*, is atomic duds. During a bombing attack, one city may be spared while other cities near by are heavily bombed. But into the heart of the untouched city, the enemy may drop a peculiar, ominous object to start a destructive panic.

No one could tell immediately the true nature of the object. It might be a genuine dud, i.e., an atomic bomb that did not explode as intended. It might be a delayed-action bomb, or it might be a harnessed casing deliberately filled with inert material. The people of the attacked city, unless quickly reassured, would be apt to be as panicked by a cheap dummy bomb as by an expensive real one that might explode any second into a white-hot ball of fire a couple of miles in diameter.

If a dummy bomb should cause the evacuation of the city, with casualties from panic and a long-lasting tie-up, the enemy would have won an extremely cheap victory. If he intended to invade the city, his paratroopers would find it undamaged, non-radioactive, and empty of both defenders and burdonsome non-combatants. Enemy troops could move right in and help themselves to provisions in the abandoned stores.

On the other hand, a dud should not be ignored. It may be merely waiting, some subtle device in its innards measuring off the seconds before it explodes. The enemy could drop a few such dangerous sleepers into rivers or harbors just to make sure that dummies dropped later would be treated with proper respect.

De Ment, raising the problem for military engineers to consider, gives no solution. Even experts would have a hard time distinguishing a delayed-action bomb from a dud or a harmless fake, especially if the object had been seen to sink to the bottom of the harbor. Civil defense authorities would have to decide promptly whether to evacuate the city, and a wrong decision either way would prove costly. In any case, the threatening object would have to be investigated, and this would not be a job for the poor in spirit. "An atomic-bomb disposal unit," says De Ment conservatively, "would require the highest order of training, and its personnel would need to be of very exceptional intelligence, stability, courage and good judgment."

Voyage of the *Trieste*

Her name was the *Trieste*, after the troubled city whose funds helped build her, and she was about the strangest craft to sail the Tyrrhenian Sea since the time of Ulysses. Her skipper was an adventurer of 69 (Ulysses would have liked that), and her destination was one that Ulysses would have envied. The *Trieste* headed last week for the bottom of the sea, into the dark Tyrrhenian Trench to the west

of southern Italy, where no ship steered by living men had ever gone before.

The *Trieste* is Professor Auguste Piccard's newest "bathyscaphe." On the surface she looks vaguely like a ship, but she is really an underwater balloon designed to sail the depths of the sea just as a blimp navigates the air. Her crew compartment is a forged and welded steel sphere about 8 ft. in diameter, with walls $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. This is the only part designed to resist the enormous pressure of the deep sea. It hangs below a "floater": a submarine-shaped hull of thin steel about 60 feet long and filled with 22,000 gallons of gasoline.

mere 48, set an altitude record of 53,152 ft. in 1932.*

10,000 Feet Down. On a rough and rainy night last week, this odd craft was towed to a point 18 miles south of the island of Ponza where the Tyrrhenian Trench is 10,000 ft. deep. Just after the cheerless dawn, old Professor Piccard, a black Basque beret over his white hair, boarded the *Trieste* from an Italian navy corvette and climbed down a tube leading to the pressure sphere. His son, Jacques, 30, was already on board, crammed among oxygen bottles, apparatus and 102 instruments, including a movie camera. When the professor closed a massive door, the *Trieste* was ready to dive. Men from the corvette opened valves, letting sea water



PICCARD'S BATHYSCAPHE
Ulysses would have approved.

The floater does the duty of a balloon's gas-filled bag. Since its gasoline is about two-thirds as heavy as sea water and only slightly compressible, its buoyancy supports the ship even under heavy pressure.

Electromagnetic Ballast. The *Trieste*'s vertical movements are controlled just like a balloon's. To descend, it releases gasoline, which makes it heavier in the water. To rise it drops ballast. The *Trieste*'s ballast is four tons of iron filings stowed in containers in the floater. Electromagnets, which make iron filings stick together, keep the ballast from moving. When their current is cut off, the filings flow into the sea. This system "fails safe." If anything happens to the ship's power supply, the ballast is dropped automatically. Then the *Trieste*, lightened, will rise to the surface.

The floater has two small, electrically driven propellers, which move it horizontally. They make the *Trieste* more like a blimp than like the passively floating balloon in which Professor Piccard, then a

into parts of the floater. They scurried aboard their boats, and the *Trieste* sank gently under the grey sea.

Two hours and 18 minutes later she popped to the surface, cheerful as a bubble. After the water had been forced from the access tube, Professor Piccard and Jacques came to the deck of the floater and were rowed to the corvette. Leaning on his son, the professor whispered in French: "You speak, Jacques. The credit is all yours."

Soft Wadding. Jacques smiled and relaxed. For a moment father and son clung to each other, as if too moved to speak. Then the old professor began: "It was very important, very lovely. And I must say that the chief merit of this undertaking goes to my son Jacques. It was he who guided the *Trieste*." There had been no trouble at all; the *Trieste* had functioned perfectly. She had snuggled down on the sea bottom (where the pressure was about

* Piccard promised his wife that he would make no more balloon ascents. He did not promise that he would not balloon to the bottom of the sea.

* From the Greek, meaning depth ship.

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500 lbs. per square inch) "as on a soft wadding." The result, said Piccard, "is what he had foreseen. It is possible for man to descend into the sea depths using means created by him. The problem is to overcome physical obstacles by using physical principles." He had not felt, he made clear, that he was running much risk. "Everyone," he remarked, "is in the habit of trusting a railway bridge. We trust the eternal laws of physics."

After evaluating the records of his instruments and developing his photographs, if any, the professor will presumably tell more about his daring voyage to the bottom of the sea. But first he plans to go to Lausanne, where Jacques will be married. Later he hopes to take the *Trieste* to the east coast of the U.S., where the ocean is much deeper than the Tyrrhenian Trench.

Rain for Australia

Scientific rainmaking has suffered in the U.S., where it was first tried, from too much free enterprise. The rain-thirsty parts of the country are teeming with commercial rainmakers, most of them only faintly scientific. Their rosy promises, seldom justified, have discredited all "experimental meteorology" with a large part of the public.

In Australia, rainmaking has enjoyed a better-regulated infancy. According to Welsh-born Dr. George Edward Bowen, a leader in the development of both radar and radio astronomy, Australia's carefully controlled program of "cloud physics" experiments has yielded clear and encouraging results.

Most of the Australian experiments backed by CSIRO (the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization) have been done with Dry Ice sown from airplanes. Single clouds were seeded and the results watched by radar, which shows the formation of rain inside the cloud. A cloud-seeding was counted as successful only if rain came from the seeded cloud but not from adjacent clouds that were not seeded. When a cloud's temperature was below 19° F., the trick worked every time. Individual clouds dropped as much as 4 in. of rain that would not have fallen naturally.

Dr. Bowen does not advise silver-iodide seeding from ground generators. He has tried it with little success except on clouds that would probably have yielded rain anyway. On the other hand, he got good results by spraying water into warm clouds containing vertical currents. Such clouds produce much of Australia's rain.

Plenty of seedable clouds, says Dr. Bowen, drift over Australia without springing a leak. An area of some 1,000,000 sq. mi. to the west of the Great Dividing Range of eastern Australia is chronically in need of rain, and Bowen is sure that cloud-seeding can increase the precipitation of this area by a critical 50%. In northern Australia, the important thing is to make the rain come at the right time. This can be done, Bowen thinks, by seeding the yearly monsoon clouds, which often build up for weeks before rain begins to fall.

THE THEATER

New Shows in Manhattan

Comedy in Music is simply Victor Borge, and his one-man show is Broadway's best show so far this season. To a Broadway glutted with solo flights—half of them spills to boot—Borge is almost able to demonstrate that, in terms of entertainers, two's a crowd and even a stooge is a superfluity. Long a success in nightclubs and TV, he fits perfectly into the theater. No more a routine comic than a straight pianist, he has the superb showmanship that can hold audiences by doing anything—or nothing.

There is thus, to begin with, the sense of a suave M.C. who is continually introducing what turns out to be himself. The self is sometimes a zany who chatters



VICTOR BORGE

For a solo flyer, two's a crowd.

away—in a manner that eludes cold print—about one relative who invented a cure for which there is no disease, and about another who crossed the Idaho potato with a sponge—the result hardly tastes very good, but “it can hold an awful lot of gravy.” The self is often an accomplished pianist who mutters as he plays and often denounces what he is playing, who performs all the roles in a Mozart opera, or offers *Happy Birthday to You* in every style from Bach's to Irving Berlin's.

Like most patter merchants, Danish-born Victor Borge sometimes indulges in very corny gags and in rather too-cute remarks. There are even moments when he does nothing more than play the piano agreeably. But with his full kit of comedy tools, he not only blends words and music, but mixes satire with nonsense, the irrelevant with the irreverent. And if what he does begins to pall a little, there is still a genuine fascination in how he does it.

Tea and Sympathy (by Robert Anderson) is effective theater, which expresses both its lure and its limitations. Over a peculiarly topical theme of horror—a prep-



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school boy falsely accused of homosexuality—Playwright Anderson has draped one of the most steadfastly serviceable of methods. Everything in *Tea and Sympathy* is very much the stuff, and even the sobstuff, of good matineé drama; and Elia Kazan has staged the play with a lively sense of his opportunities.

Seventeen-year-old Tom Lee is a quiet, sensitive "off horse" at a particularly muscular and conformist school; he lives, furthermore, under the roof of a particularly harsh and he-man housemaster. From a little acorn of gossip an ugly scandal soon spreads its entangling branches, with Tom defended only by his housemaster's beautiful, equally off-horse wife. Trying desperately to prove his normality by dating the town tramp, Tom only leaves it further in doubt; and it is the housemaster's wife herself, who at the florid final curtain, prepares to make a man of him.

The play has most force not for what Tom is branded with, but in portraying those who use the branding iron, in picturing a cruelly thoughtless pack in full cry after its quarry. If, despite being well told, the story seems factitious, it is less a matter of plausibility—*Tea and Sympathy* is far more "plausible" than, say, *Othello*—than of squeezing in as many sentimental and sensational elements as possible. This applies even to motivations, as with the lurking homosexuality in the blatantly masculinizing housemaster. At times it becomes as hard to imagine how popular drama ever got along without Freud as how routine farce ever did without the telephone.

As Tom, John Kerr (*Bernardine*) enhances a nicely written role with sure, quiet acting. In the fogger role of the housemaster's wife, Cinematress Deborah Kerr (no relation) is very radiant, but a little wooden. Theatrically, Kazan's direction is everywhere successful; yet it exploits its material as often as it expresses it; goes arm in arm with the script where it might better lead the way.

The Strong Are Lonely (adapted by Eva Le Gallienne from Fritz Hochwalters' play), dealing far too statuquey with an impressive theme, closed at week's end. The play told of the difficulties encountered by 18th century Jesuits who created a kind of Utopia in Paraguay. Spain, whose sovereignty they menaced, the Jesuits could defy; but when their own superiors (fearful of what might happen to the order as a whole) commanded them to submit, they faced a bitter ordeal.

In this play, as in Shaw's *Saint Joan*, a great religious institution sets worldly aims against spiritual ones, and renewes in very human terms—one of mankind's great moral debates. But here, unfortunately, the whole thing was handled in the style of an old-fashioned debating society. Everyone struck attitudes, the simplest idea seemed clad in armor, there was something too declamatory for talk, yet too stiff for eloquence. High-minded and literate, the play came off a stately bore.

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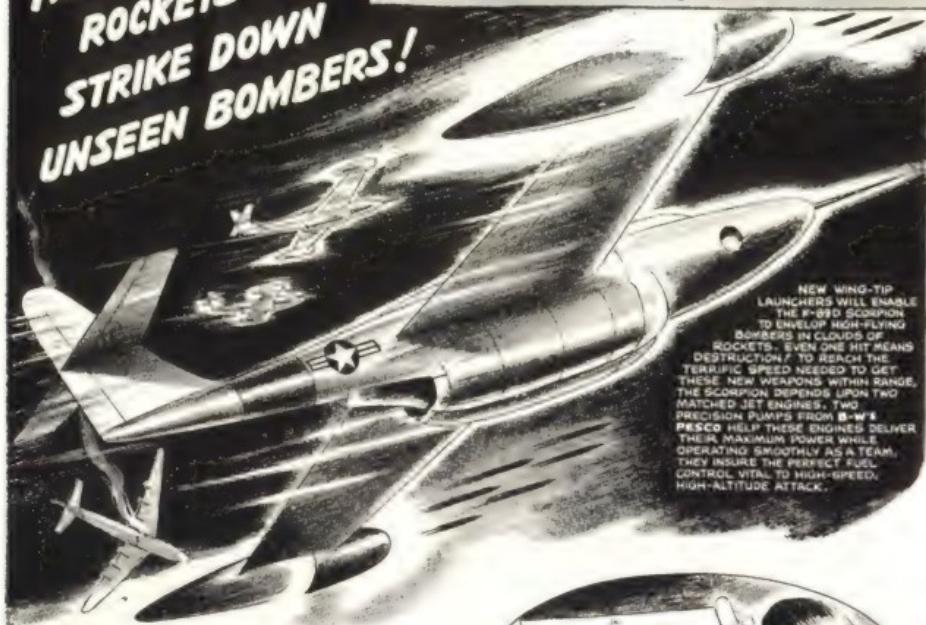
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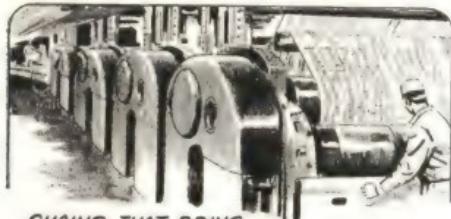
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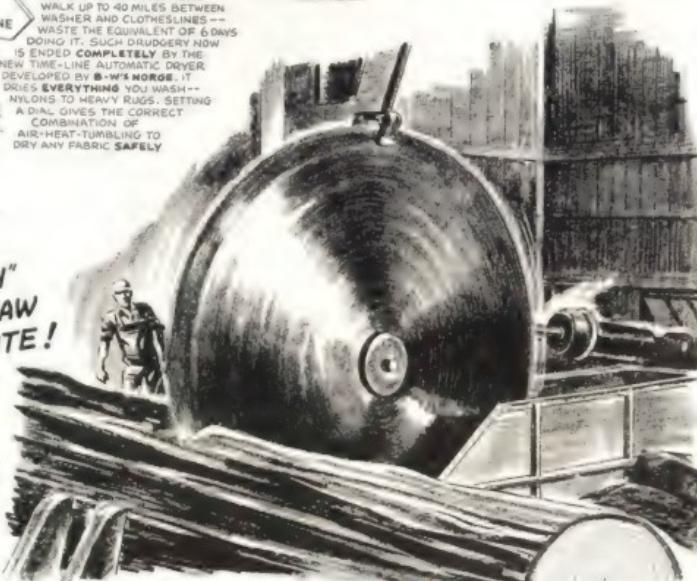


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MEDICINE

Britain & Barbiturates

Britain, once proud of the epithet "a nation of shopkeepers," is in danger of becoming a nation of barbiturate addicts. At least, so thinks Sir Heneage Ogilvie, one of its most eminent surgeons. About one-tenth of all the 200 million prescriptions written annually by the doctors in the National Health Service are for barbiturates. Half the 545 suicides in 1951 were committed with barbiturates.

Writes Sir Heneage in the *Practitioner*: "It would not be a particularly difficult feat . . . to produce quite a convincing thesis that the present lackadaisical outlook of the country, so repeatedly castigated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a symptom of chronic [barbiturate] intoxication."

Protein Prober

The intense young man who went to Harvard as an assistant professor in 1922 was no physician but a biochemist, ready to dedicate his life to probing the secrets of proteins. He would never get to treat a patient. But across the U.S. and around the world, hundreds of thousands are alive and well today, thanks to his biochemistry, and the vast majority of his beneficiaries have never so much as heard his name.

Edwin Joseph Cohn, son of a wealthy Manhattan tobacco importer, had just finished his doctoral thesis when World War I drew him into the Army Sanitary Corps. There he was sidetracked on an unrewarding assignment: trying to find a substitute for bread. As soon as possible, Scientist Cohn returned to his beloved proteins, learned what others knew about them in Copenhagen and Cambridge, then settled at Harvard to find out what nobody else knew.

No Time to Retire. By the time he was 40, Edwin Cohn had an imposing reputation in the narrow circle of protein specialists, and nowhere else. Then his doctors told him to retire: his high blood pressure might kill him any day. Dr. Cohn simply dosed himself with palliative drugs and kept on working. His first great success so far as medicine was concerned came in 1927, when he extracted from liver the substance that controls pernicious anemia. It meant that patients could take medicine, instead of having to eat a pound or more of liver every day.

When the clouds gathered for World War II, Cohn was again sidetracked, as he saw it, from his protein work. The armed forces wanted to be assured of a supply of blood plasma, and the Navy thought Cohn should try to get it from beef blood because human donors would never suffice. Cohn found beef blood unpromising, and started a neighborhood donor service from which the Red Cross learned a lot. So the armed forces used human plasma.

But to Cohn, a perfectionist, this was grossly wasteful. Usually, only one or two

components of plasma were needed for each case. So he set to work in his laboratory, separating blood fluid into its many fractions, and soon had a practical method for extracting serum albumin. This was less bulky than plasma, kept better, and was far more economical. But it was not good enough for Cohn.

No Shotgun Blast. Driving himself as relentlessly as he drove the assistants who performed the practical experiments to prove his brilliant theoretical flashes, Cohn identified more and more of the components of blood, and developed improved methods for extracting many of them. There was fibrinogen, raw material from which fibrin film and fibrin foam are made, to close wounds and cover the brain in daring, delicate surgery. There



WALTER R. FLEISCHER
BIOCHEMIST COHN
To living beneficiaries, unknown.

was thrombin, which combines with fibrinogen but is used separately in some cases. There was a special kind of globulin for hemophiliacs. There were globulins which made possible the immediate typing of any individual's blood.

Finally—and so far the most important—was gamma globulin, which prevents measles or softens its severity, and wards off infectious hepatitis. Most recently, gamma globulin has won fame in the fight against polio. A less exacting researcher might have been satisfied, but not Cohn. He hated the waste (and doubted the wisdom) of using whole gamma globulin as a shotgun blast against any of three diseases, and wanted to break it down into still finer fractions for pinpoint use against each disease.

Last week portable fractionators of thinking-machine complexity were being built to Cohn's specifications for taking blood direct from a donor's arm and fractionating it on the spot (TIME, Oct. 23,

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1950). Cohn had just summed up his life's work and theories in a paper forbiddingly entitled "Evidence and Consequence of the Fine Structure of Protein." As he was about to circulate copies to the handful of other protein men who could understand it, Biochemist Cohn's blood pressure caught up with him. He had a cerebral hemorrhage and died, aged 60.

It will take years of complex laboratory work to prove or disprove the theories on the synthesis of proteins which Cohn propounded in his last paper. "But," said a grieving assistant gratefully, "at least we have that."

How to Treat a Doctor

Like many another medical journal, London's *Lancet* has printed reams of advice to doctors on how to behave toward their patients. Now the *Lancet* has let a layman turn the table and tell how the



PATIENT SIEGHART
If possible, be a foundling.

patient should treat the doctor. With tongue firmly planted in cheek, Londoner Marquette A. Sieghart wrote:

"The first data given in a case history are usually name, address and age, and if the patient is a woman, the profession of her husband. For women, two important points already arise. First as to her age. If at all possible, an experienced patient will avoid giving an age between 40 and 60, for it is part of the acknowledged armory of modern medicine to hold the climacteric responsible for all complaints arising in this period of a woman's life. The absence of specific symptoms is immaterial . . . Every complaint from toothache to corns may be explained by ovarian deficiency, and thus held to be merely functional—a consideration which delights the doctor—but has never yet cured a patient.

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automatic train of thought such an admission will set in motion: a divorced woman is a misunderstood woman; a misunderstood woman is an unsatisfied woman; a woman who cannot lead a full sex life will clearly suffer damage in body and soul. This chain of reasoning cannot be broken—not even by an assurance that one is leading the life of a wanton.

The next point raised is the patient's family history . . . The hard-boiled [patient] will describe herself, wherever possible, as a foundling. [Finally she] must indicate the symptoms that have led her to the consulting room . . . For the patient, the disease consists of the discomforts which she experiences in her own body. To the doctor, these are important only in so far as they support his diagnosis. He regards them as symptoms if he can use them, and as hallucinations if they hinder him . . .

It is the patient's difficult and responsible task to provide the clues that will guide the doctor to the right diagnosis. If the attempt fails, it must be repeated . . . with a different doctor, for there is nothing more hopeless than to try to change the mind of a doctor who has once reached a diagnosis."

Vienna-born Marguerite Sieghart, a legal authority and author of *Government by Decree*, can give firsthand evidence; she is "between 40 and 60" and has been divorced.

Capsules

¶ On the prospects of a cure for cancer, Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, director of Manhattan's famed Memorial Center (TIME, June 27, 1949), told a congressional hearing: "We can look forward to something like a penicillin for some cancers, and I hope within the next decade."

¶ To many patients, after a wide variety of operations, one of the worst ordeals is catheterization because a healthy bladder inexplicably refuses to empty normally. In the A.M.A. *Journal*, two New York City physicians report 90% success in correcting this condition with injections of two new drugs, benzypirinium bromide and one still unnamed, W341.

¶ There is still no scientific evidence that fancy ingredients in tooth paste, tooth powder, mouth washes or chewing gum will keep teeth from decaying, the American Dental Association declared. Its annual convention (in Cleveland) berated dentifrice advertisers for false claims, also took a swipe at soft-drink peddlers for pretending that their concoctions don't harm teeth. The association's rules for dental health: use less sugar, brush teeth regularly with any powder or paste that helps the brush to clean them.

¶ Two Boston doctors reported in the A.M.A. *Journal* that a drug known as Compound 2601-A is the best thing they have found for controlling the nausea which often follows the taking of drugs, and occurs regularly in such disorders as cancer, ear inflammation and uremia. Also, 2601-A straightens out drinkers who have too violent a reaction from the combination of alcohol and disulfiram (Antabuse).



The Rhino whose middle name is SAFETY

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TURKEY

The land a dictator turned into a democracy

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY FENNO JACOBS

He who loves the rose should put up with its thorns.

—Old Turkish saying

ONE day in 1853, Nicholas I, Czar of all the Russias, peered southward over his aristocratic nose and voiced the opinion that Turkey was indeed "the sick man of Europe." Exactly 100 years later, an astute and wealthy Texan named George McGhee, at the time U.S. Ambassador to Turkey, looked out over the green plains of Anatolia and said: "You know what this country reminds me of?

It's got the stuff, the git up and go, and it's rolling. Why, Turkey today is just like Texas in 1919."

Both Czar and ambassador had it right. In one century, the sick man of Europe has become the strong man of the Middle East. If not the paradise that propagandists sometimes paint, Turkey is stable, strong, democratic, progressive, booming. No nation stands so steadfast against Russia. In NATO it is the free world's strong southern anchor; in the Korean war, its brigade was the "BB Brigade," the Bravest of Brave. Turkish landing fields put U.S. strategic air half

(cont'd on p. 67)



ISTANBUL'S BLUE MOSQUE is 17th century masterpiece of Architect Sedefkar Mehmet Agha. Here in 1826 Mahmud II read decree that abolished the Janissaries.



TURKEY



CITY OF ANKARA was built by Ataturk, who moved seat of government from Istanbul in 1923, transformed obscure village on Anatolian plateau into modern capital of 300,000 for new republic.

MODERN POWER IN MIDDLE EAST

TURKEY became the Middle East's most modern state in a generation and through the efforts of one man, Kemal Ataturk, a rough, hard-drinking neurotic who combined traces of Lincoln's vision and Stalin's ruthlessness, established the Turkish Republic, ran it like a dictatorship, topped it off with a tailor-made opposition. Modern Turkey, striving to be even more modern, still needs capital, roads, teachers, more private enterprise.



CHILDREN'S DAY is annual youth celebration, with parades, parties, free movies, and a visit by selected youngsters to President Bayar in Ankara. Here, women in traditional peasant hoods watch formation of Boy and Girl Scouts.

ATATURK BOULEVARD, Ankara's main street, bordered by transplanted trees, public buildings and embassies, runs from Roman citadel on hilltop to Turkish White House (The Kosk).



HARBOR AT IZMIR. Turkey's second largest city, is the ancient Greek seaport of Smyrna, for past 3,000 years the export

center of rich Aegean coast. Near by are ruins of Ephesus, where, according to tradition, Virgin Mary spent her last years.

TURKEY



NOMAD HERDERS camped with sheep and goats in Islahiye Valley, have roamed

southeast Turkey for centuries. Government is now prospecting in this area for oil.

REMNANTS OF HISTORIC PAST



HITTITE FIGURES are carved on cliff face in Taurus foothills. Man at left holds grapes and grain, symbols of land's fertility.

THE nomadic Turks swept in from the open steppes in the 11th century and settled themselves in Asia Minor on the ruins of half a dozen cosmopolitan civilizations. Here, before the Turkish conquerors descended, the Hittites (2000 B.C.) first mined, smelted and fashioned iron ore into weapons, the kingdom of Lydia (whose most famous ruler was a man named Croesus) first coined money, and Greeks fought Trojans over Helen of Troy (though prosaic modern historians insist that they really fought for control of the Dardanelles). Near one city alone—Izmir, the ancient Smyrna—are mosaics from the cave where sightless Homer strummed his lyre, cliff statues of the earth goddess Cybele, and a wall built by Alexander the Great



TEMPLE TO APOLLO was built near this waterfall 2,000 years ago by Seleucus I, Macedonian conqueror of Babylon and Syria and founder of Antioch.



ROMAN GATE, in Tarsus, dates from days of St. Paul, who proudly described his birthplace as "no mean city."



MEDIEVAL CASTLE, high above Cilician plain near River Ceyhan, recalls Crusaders' heroic attempts to recapture Holy

Land from 1096 to 1291. Ruins of their castles and forts mark route of conquest and retreat through Asia Minor and Syria.

TURKEY



FORTRESS CITY of Erzurum, lit by late afternoon sun, is headquarters of Turkey's Third Army, which U.S. helped to train and equip. Only 15 minutes by jet from Soviet territory, it has fallen twice to Russian invaders in past 75 years.

GUARDIAN OF THE SOUTHERN FLANK

THE Turks are the most warlike people in the Middle East. They fought the Crusaders to a standstill, swept through Europe to Vienna's gates, battled the Russians 13 times in 400 years, and even whipped Winston Churchill when he ordered an attack on the Dardanelles in World War I. Six volunteers applied for every place in the original Turkish contingent for Korea. At the embarkation point the authorities had to surround the force with barbed wire, not to stop desertions but to keep outsiders from rushing in to join them. Thanks to U.S. military aid, the Turks now have Europe's second-largest standing army (No. 1: Russia): 450,000 soldiers equipped with tanks and jet aircraft to button down the free world's southern flank. A poor nation, Turkey devotes almost 40% of its budget to its defenses, and counts the money well spent, for the nation mortally hates and fears the "Moskofs," say the Turks; the only way a Moskof can get to Istanbul is by buying a ticket on the *Orient Express*.





CILICIAN GATES, historic pass through Taurus Mountains, was invasion route for Greek Ten Thousand, whose subsequent retreat from Persia was immortalized by Xenophon. Modern road now links inland steppes to fertile plain and sunny southern coast.



TURKISH CAVALRY and mountain pack-artillery maneuver on snow-clad slopes of Caucasus Mountains, near Russian border at Sarikamis.

RUSSIAN BORDER lies just beyond these mountains on barren tableland near Sarikamis. Houses in windswept village are made of mud and dung.

TURKEY



GOLDEN HORN, curving inlet of Bosphorus, sweeps by Istanbul waterfront, here seen from Ataturk Bridge. Beyond anchored

coal barges, minarets of the New Mosque rise in center, with 6th century St. Sophia, built by Emperor Justinian, in distance.

(cont'd from p. 58)
an hour away by jet from the Baku oil-fields of Russia.

Assisted by U.S. dollars and skill, but doing its own hard work and running its own show, Turkey is increasing its per capita income 7% per annum, its gross national product 10%. As recently as 1950, Turkey had to import wheat; today she is the No. 4 wheat exporter in the world. In the same three years, Turkey's tractors increased by 900%, farm acreage 25%, mileage of all-weather roads 100%, port capacity 250%, cotton output 300%. Yet these are the people of whom the Bulgarian peasant used to say, making the sign of the cross: "No grass grows where the Turk's horse treads."

Ruthless Miracle. What brought the change? Between the days of the sick man and the Texas-style Turkey of today, the nation brought forth Kemal Ataturk. He worked his miracle, closed history's gap in just 15 years, 1923-1938, and died 15 years ago next month.

By conventional standards, Kemal Ataturk was hardly an admirable character. He was a bitter, sullen and ruthless man, a two-fisted drinker and a rake given to shameless debauch. Politically, though he proclaimed a Bill of Rights, he flouted it constantly; though he talked of loyalty, he hanged his closest friends. He was devoid of sentiment and incapable of love, unfaithful to everyone and every cause he adopted save one—Turkey. But before he died, his driven, grateful people thrust on him the last and greatest of his five names: Ataturk, Father of All the Turks.

The Father of All the Turks (who left no legitimate heirs) was born in 1881 in Salonika, then part of the Ottoman Empire, of a mild Albanian father and a forceful Macedonian mother. Mustafa was a rebel from the start. His pious Mohammedan mother urged him to become a holy man, but he became a soldier; at 22, a captain, he rebelled against the Sultan and was nearly executed; at 27, he joined the Young Turks rebellion, then rebelled against the Young Turks. The army, fearful of him, shunted him from post to post, but could neither shake him nor subdue him. At Gallipoli, in 1915, he defeated the British; in the Caucasus, he checked the Russians; in Berlin, 1918, he drunkenly needed the high panjandrum of his allies, Field Marshal von Hindenburg; in Arabia, 1918, he held off T. E. Lawrence's Bedouin hordes. At 38, he came out of the crash of the Ottoman Empire the only Turkish commander untouched by defeat.

Six Day Marathon. Eight years later, smartly turned out in his favorite civilian attire—the morning coat and striped pants of the Western diplomat—he stood before the Turkish National Assembly (which he created), in the capital at Ankara (which he created), and for six full days told in the Turkish language (which he purified and revised) the full story of what he had done. He began:

"Gentlemen, I landed at Samsun on the 19th of May, 1919. This was the position at the time . . ."

To his hearers, it was well-remembered history. Turkey in 1919 was crushed, defeated from without, disintegrating within. Gone was the fury and might which, beginning in 1909, had sent Ottoman legions smashing at Vienna's gates and made Budapest a suburb of Constantinople. Gone was the conquering fervor that created a tri-continental empire the size of the U.S., encompassing what are now 20 modern nations stretching from the Dniester to the Nile, from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf. In 1919, British warships still rode in the Bosphorus and British troops held Constantinople; Italy, France and Greece were secretly dividing up the best of the remainder. The greatest empire between Augustus and Victoria had shrunk to a



Pix Inc.

KEMAL ATATURK
From Europe's sick man to B.B.

small, lifeless inland state in the barren interior of Asia Minor; its Sultan was reduced to the status of a bourgeois president of Constantinople. There was talk of asking Woodrow Wilson to take over the mess as a U.S. mandate.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha returned from his skillful but useless defense of Syria and asked for a job. "Get this man away—anywhere—quickly," the Sultan cried. The government hoped to save itself by submission to the conqueror; Kemal's unyielding patriotism endangered these schemes. So Mustafa got magnificent and meaningless titles—Inspector General of the Northern Areas and Governor General of the Eastern Provinces—and was put aboard a leaky Black Sea steamer bound for Samsun, in remote Anatolia.

This suited Kemal fine. Arriving in Anatolia, he convoked a congress and proclaimed: "The aim of the movement is to free the Sultan-Caliph from the clutches

of the foreign enemy." Desperately, the Sultan, who did not want to be so freed, wired: "Cease all activity!" Replied Kemal: "I shall stay in Anatolia until the nation wins its independence." Turkey, or what was left of it, had two governments: Kemal's and the Sultan's.

The victorious Allies, of course, favored the complaisant Sultan, but in their greed they served to further Kemal. The Sultan and the Grand Vizier went to Versailles to plead not to be denuded of all land and power. Clemenceau, the Tiger, said coldly: "Be silent, Your Highness! Relieve Paris of your presence." The Allies handed the Sultan the Treaty of Sèvres, which split Turkey six ways. The Greeks marched in to enforce the *Diktat*, and Kemal roared: "Turks! Will you crawl to these Greeks who were your slaves only yesterday?" He raised an army of peasants, veterans, criminals, patriots. Two years later, a few miles outside of Ankara, he gave the orders: "Soldiers, the Mediterranean is your goal," and drove the Greeks back into the sea.

The Treaty of Lausanne which followed reversed the humiliation of Sèvres. The last British admiral boarded the last British battleship in the Bosphorus, snapped a respectful salute to the crescent flag and steamed off. The most defeated of empires became the first to defy the victorious Allies, to scrap one of their treaties. The Ataturk miracle had begun: Mustafa Kemal, soldier, was master of Turkey.

Only Turks. The nation he put back together was slightly larger than Texas—296,000 sq.mi.; its vast bulk nestled in Asia Minor, with 9,000 sq.mi. wedging into Europe's southeastern corner. Kemal was satisfied. "We are now Turks—only Turks," he exulted. He wanted none of the old overextended Ottoman empire. "Away with dreams and shadows; they have cost us dearly," he said.

Kemal went on a speaking tour among his people: "Remain yourselves, but take from the West that which is indispensable to the life of a developed people. Let science and new ideas come in freely. If you don't, they will devour you."

He began taking from the West, but he took with discrimination. He wanted to democratize Turkey, for "no country is free unless it is democratic." But he recognized that "Democracy in Turkey now would be a caricature," and set his dictatorship to preparing his nation for democracy. Thirty years ago this month (on Oct. 29, 1923), Kemal became President of the new republic, commander-in-chief of the army, president of the Council of Ministers, chief of the only party, and speaker of the Assembly. He began ridding the Turks of the things that reminded them of the degenerate past. First he ordered the Sultan expelled; 16 months later the Caliph (or Moslem spiritual leader) was exiled. Kemal announced that "Islam is a dead thing," and Turkey became a nondenominational state.

The break with the past had to be felt, simply and simultaneously, by all Turks. Ataturk looked about for the significant

gesture. In India it had been salt-making in defiance of the British monopoly; in China it was cutting off the queue. Ataturk chose to attack the fez, traditional symbol of Ottoman citizenship. "The fez is a sign of ignorance," said he. He laid down a deadline: after that date, no brimless headgear. Some Turks, unable to find hats with brims, wore their wives' hats: better to look silly than to risk losing your head.

Coffee to Kahve. Ataturk moved the capital from cosmopolitan Constantinople to raw Ankara and changed Constantinople's name to Istanbul. Though he personally abhorred emancipated women (they argued, instead of saying yes), he begged Turkey's women to unveil, and most did. He abolished the Moslem *shari'a* (law) and took the best from Europe to replace it—Switzerland's civil code, pre-Fascist Italy's penal code, Germany's commercial code.

Though he made haste, he had an intuitive awareness of his people's gait. The old Turkish alphabet had become an esoteric nightmare of cumbersome Arabic scrawls; its difficulty contributed to illiteracy at home and incomprehensibility abroad. Kemal talked first to U.S. Educator John Dewey, then sat down with linguistic experts and worked out a new, simple Latin, A-B-C alphabet of 29 letters. Where new concepts lacked ancient symbols, he simply used Western forms: automobile to *automobil*; coffee to *kahve*; statistic to *istatistik*.

Blackboards went up in the National Assembly, and Kemal himself gave the Deputies their first lesson. He went to the countryside and guided the gnarled hands of peasants who had never held a pencil before, as they wrote clumsy signatures in the new script. This patient teaching took five years; then abruptly he switched from precept to fiat. He gave civil servants three months to master the new script—or find new jobs. He had not been to Istanbul since 1919; now he returned in style and with a purpose. He sailed into the Golden Horn on the Sultan's yacht, triumphantly marched past cheering crowds. He summoned Istanbul's elite to the Sultan's palace to a ball, and stood before them in full evening dress on a raised platform, chalk in hand, before a blackboard. For two hours he explained the new language, then the music blared, everyone drank, and the dancing went on until dawn. Nineteen twenty-eight became the Year One of Turkey's new cultural life.

Oy Birgile. Ataturk liberated law, education and marriage from the mullahs; turned mosques into granaries; switched the day of rest from Friday to Sunday; tossed out the Islamic calendar and ordered in the Gregorian calendar of the Western world. He made suffrage universal, adopted the metric system, ordered all Turks to take on last names, took the first census in Turkish history. Harem were forbidden and monogamy became the law.

The most familiar phrase in the Turk-

ish National Assembly during these electric days was *Oy Birgile*, meaning by unanimous vote. Opposed, Ataturk was ruthless. One evening in 1926, he gave a champagne party for foreign diplomats; it turned into an all-night carousal. Returning home at dawn, the diplomats saw the corpses of the entire opposition leadership, among them Kemal's old friends, hanging in the town square.

But in his later years, after he had raised his people up, he decided to ease his dictatorship. He brought his ambassador home from France, ordered him to head an opposition, ordered his own sister to join it. The new Liberal Republican Party was so polite at first that Kemal demanded more vigor; when it became more vigorous he abolished it. "Let the people leave politics for the present," he said. "Let them interest themselves in agriculture."



Fanno Jacobs

PRESIDENT BAYAR
Like Texas in 1919.

ture and commerce. For ten or 15 years more I must rule."

After Ataturk. He did not have ten or 15 years more. Since his teens he had been drinking and whoring, searching, without finding, some personal peace. He tried marriage once in 1922 to Latife, the daughter of a Smyrna shipowner, but was soon divorced. In 1938, exhausted by periodic debauches and drinking bouts, undermined by diseases, he died. The timing was just right. Kemal Ataturk had held the Turks by the hand just long enough to help, not long enough to crush.

The day after Ataturk's death, he was succeeded as President, legally and peacefully, by his handicapped successor, forceful soldier-administrator Ismet Inonu. For the next dozen years, the Inonu regime tried to maintain the Ataturk pattern. The people were kept on short rein, given few civil and personal liberties, and those grudgingly. But the momentum of progress continued.

In 1946, the Ataturk-Inonu party, the Republican People's Party, won re-election, but only by using shabby tactics. It was the last time. A new, politically conscious opposition had grown up. Ataturk had unleashed forces greater than he; he had made so many new Turks that there was bound to be a new Turkey. In 1950, 88% of the voters went to the polls and swept out the Republican People's Party which had held power uninterruptedly for 27 years. Inonu yielded gracefully. The newborn Democrats took over.

Their President was unspectacular Celal Bayar, an able banker and one of Ataturk's ministers for five years, his Premier for one. This peaceful transfer of power was not the millennium, but it was the closest approach to it in the Middle East. Ataturk's 15 years of ruthless education and preparation had paid off.

"Black Danger." The new regime put an end to excessive state regulation of business. Ataturk had tried to industrialize Turkey through a cumbersome form of state socialism that he labeled *éstatisme*. He developed some industry, but stifled it in red tape and scared away foreign investors. Now, under Bayar, Turkey is one of the few nations in the world heading towards more, not less free enterprise. Foreign investors are encouraged. There have been other reversals of Ataturk policy. Many emancipated Turks now fear "the black danger," the resurgence of the once powerful mullahs. Religion is strong today in Turkey. The country is 98% Moslem. Ataturk relaxed the grip of a reactionary and decadent church, but he could not destroy the faith of his people. Just as Ataturk had taken the best from them, discarded the rest, the Turks are showing a talent for preserving what they think best in his teaching.

Turkey today is still far from Ataturk's goals: 80% of its 21 million people live in mud huts in isolated villages, in half of which there are no primary schools. The currency is soft; inflation has doubled food prices. Much of the land is underfertilized and carelessly utilized. The Turk is poor: he gets a third of the meat that a meat-starved Briton received under austerity; only one in 2,000 owns an automobile. But Turkey's spirit is good. The country is stable, its direction is sound.

A month hence, Ataturk's body, which has lain in a "temporary" resting place these past 15 years, will be borne with ceremonial pomp to a new mausoleum on Ankara's highest hill. The mausoleum, reached by 33 marble steps 132 feet wide, will probably be the biggest of its kind, until Evita Perón's or the proposed Soviet pantheon tops it. For three days, Turkey's 21 million citizens will do him honor.

"I will lead my people by the hand along the road until their feet are sure and they know the way," Ataturk had said. "Then they may choose for themselves and rule themselves. Then my work will be done." On his bronze statue overlooking the Golden Horn is another message to his people: "Turk! Be proud, hard-working and self-reliant!"

How a Druggist kept his family from inheriting a headache...

THIS STORY of how one man protected his family against financial disaster should be of interest to any man who runs a business of his own.

Some thirty years ago this man opened a small drug store in a city in New Jersey. He invested practically all of the money he had in the venture and for the first several years he realized little from it beyond a living income for himself, his wife and his young son and daughter.

It was during those years that a New York Life agent in his city pointed out to him the wisdom of protecting his store—and his family—with business life insurance.

As the agent put it, "If you should die at a time when there isn't enough cash available to pay taxes, debts and other business obligations, your store would most likely have to be sold out in a hurry to raise the money. And, as you know, when a business has to be liquidated quickly, it's usually at a sacrifice. If the store didn't pay its own way out, the difference would have to come from your 'personal' estate—from assets set aside for your family's security."

To protect his family against such loss, the store owner took out business life insurance at that time. During the following years, there were several occasions when he operated on extended credit to build up the business. Had he died during any of those periods, his family would have been assured a "cash cushion" to keep the store from becoming a liability rather than an asset to them.

As it happened, the business grew and prospered. The druggist's son grew up, studied pharmacy as his father had and ultimately went into business with him. And as the worth of the store increased, the business life insurance protection was increased accordingly.

When he died a year ago, the druggist



left his affairs in good order. The store was free of debt and had sufficient funds in reserve to pay taxes and other cash obligations *without* using the life insurance which had originally been taken out for that purpose.

Instead, the insurance money was left to his widow and daughter—an arrangement which then made it possible for the son to receive the store intact as his share of the inheritance and as payment for his help in building up the business.

Thus the insurance not only provided protection all through the years, but saved the heirs a financial "headache"—because it helped in an equitable distribution of the estate which would not otherwise have been possible.

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Words & Works

¶ Last week Poland's Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński (pronounced Vishinsky) felt the steel of the trap that has already closed upon Hungary's Cardinal Mindszenty, Yugoslavia's Cardinal Stepinac, Czechoslovakia's Archbishop Beran and China's Cardinal Tien. Secret police searched his house all night; then the government "deposed" him as primate of Poland. The Cardinal was "allowed to retire to a monastery," said the Warsaw radio. But he went with accusations of "anti-state activities" hanging over his head—a broad hint that the next step might be a propaganda trial.

¶ Upset by the gambling-house wedding of four-times-married Rita Hayworth and four-times-married Dick Haymes (TIME, Oct. 5), the *Christian Century* called for a law "to limit the number of marriages which could be contracted by persons whose previous unions had ended in divorce. Where draw the line? . . . The same principle could be applied as that which is used by several states in dealing with incorrigible criminals: regardless of the crime, the fourth conviction is for life."

¶ The Washington *Daily News* set off a front-page editorial salvo against the current juke-box assault on the ramparts of faith. "Blaring out of the boxes and rasping out of the radio," said the *News*, "is an unceasing stream of songs about lovers meeting and parting within the sight and sound of mission bells, ladies left sobbing in chapels and strident testimonies to the serenity to be found in the little church in some quaint little old fishing village down Mexico way." Never have so many done so much whimpering and moaning and screeching in the name of deep and quiet feeling."

Christian Politics

When the social reformers were tall in the saddle back in 1934, the U.S. Congregationalists set up a Council for Social Action. Its aim was to help make "the Christian gospel more effective in society," and its membership was drawn heavily from the ranks of those who feared many things more than creeping socialism. Among the causes the council plugged: the consumer cooperative movement, compulsory health insurance, federal aid to education. By last year, such council gospel had drawn so much Congregational counterfire (TIME, March 17, 1952) that a nine-man committee was set up to investigate it. Last week came the investigators' report.

Signed by such prominent committee-men as Chester I. Barnard, onetime president of New Jersey Bell Telephone Co., Eugene E. Barnett, general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. National Council, and Con-

gressman Walter H. Judd of Minnesota, the report found "no reason to believe that any members of the [council] staff are dishonest, disloyal, subversive, pro-Communist, or other than conscientious and sincere Christians." But at the same time the committee decided that the council had been getting itself (and Congregationalism) out on the limbs of politics more often than was necessary or wise.

"It should be noted," said the report, "that differences of Christian opinion usually occur in the realm of means rather than that of ends." Granted a desirable end, it is rare that one means of achieving it "can be singled out as the only 'Christian' way, and therefore most deserving of the support of the church"—whereas the literature of the council "has sometimes



United Press

CONGREGATIONALIST JUDD
Fewer pressures and more politicians.

been definitely slanted in the direction of a particular political or economic program." In lobbying, if ever, the council "should not take a partisan position on matters on which the churches are not substantially united."

To Congressman Judd, it seemed that his fellow committee members had not gone far enough. He submitted a supplementary letter recommending that the council's Washington office be shut down, and that the council be reduced to something with a more limited purview, such as a "Commission on Education for Social Action."

"I am more certain than ever," he wrote, "that the best way to get Christian social and political action is not by pronouncements or pressures by church bodies but by inspiring Christian men and women to become politicians—that is, to work on social and political problems as individual Christian citizens, and in voluntary association with other right-minded citizens."

* Some of the currently most popular brands of holy corn: *Crying in the Chapel*, *With These Hands*, *This Too Shall Pass Away*, *I Believe*, *God Bless Us All*.



The proud papa is B. F. Michtom, Chairman of Ideal Toy Corporation, but . . .

Do you recognize his famous family?

They're all celebrities except the happy "father"! He's B. F. Michtom, who built a \$25,000,000 business promoting "character" dolls inspired by famous personalities. He's holding Saucy Walker and Harriet Hubbard Ayer. The others are Mary Hartline, the Toni Doll, Shirley Temple, and Smokey Bear, protégé of the U. S. Forest Service.

"Real-life stars create plenty of excitement when they appear at famous stores," says B. F. Michtom. "But to cash in, we have to get the dolls on the counter *on time*. We call Air Express. Frantic telegrams come in: 'Sold out. 1,000 kids in store. Send

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& I-employed guards. Time and again the Rockefellers tried to sell their old property, but not till Charles Allen came along could they make a deal.

Eastward Ho! Allen's first move was to merge C.F. & I. with another of his interests, Wickwire Spencer Steel Co. of Buffalo. That gave the company two blast furnaces in the East plus fabricating equipment in New England. More important, C.F. & I. also got Wickwire's Plant Superintendent Alvin Franz, a crack operating man who started in the steel business as an open-hearth pitman and is now C.F. & I.'s president.

Financial Man Allen and Production Expert Franz found C.F. & I.'s operations as outdated as its plant. Says Franz: "The company had been serving some customers at a loss for 40 years." The new management canceled the losing business, dumped unprofitable products and added



Carl Iwatsubo

STEELMEN ALLEN & FRANZ
Now fine means fine.

new ones. Only three of its four Pueblo blast furnaces were in operation; Franz started up the stand-by, a move which has since netted the company some \$1 million. C.F. & I.'s rail output was inefficient, and a high percentage of C.F. & I.'s rails had to be rejected because the holes at each end were improperly drilled. Franz flew the drillers to Gary, Ind., to see how U.S. Steel did the job. C.F. & I.'s different plants didn't always know what new production tricks the others might have developed; Franz set up a company-wide information exchange.

In every operation, costs were slashed. Says Franz: "I'd go in to a foreman and say 'How's everything?' and he'd say 'Fine.' Then I'd say 'Fine? What the hell does that mean? How're your costs?'" (C.F. & I. was its own prime contractor on its new pipe plant, saved an estimated \$1,500,000 in fees by doing so.)

Promising Situation. While Franz was straightening out production, Allen built up C.F. & I.'s corporate structure. He bought a plate and pipe plant in the

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burgeoning Delaware Valley (TIME, June 8), a pig iron and iron ore company in Pennsylvania. Last year he bought Newark's 112-year-old John A. Roebling's Sons Co., primarily a maker of wire rope, and an engineering firm. These acquisitions not only gave C.F. & I. diversification, but also made it a well-integrated organization.

No in and outer, Wall Streeter Allen has built a reputation for buying into promising situations and developing them. Allen thinks that Colorado Fuel & Iron is still so promising that he plans to stay with it for some years to come.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Autos in Paris

In Paris' Grand Palais last week, 105 automakers from eight countries put their prize products on display in Europe's most lavish motorcar exhibit, the 40th *Salon d'Automobile et du Cycle*. While car prices ran as high as \$14,000, it was the "baby cars" that stole the show.

Britain's entries included 1) a new, box-like Ford Anglia, with a four-cylinder engine capable of 50 to 60 m.p.h., which sells for about \$1,100, and 2) the Standard Eight, a four-cylinder model that sells for \$956. France showed off a tiny Rovin convertible, with a top speed of 50 m.p.h. and a \$1,033 price tag. There was also a front-wheel-drive Citroën, one of France's most popular cars (it has a two-year waiting list), with a two-cylinder engine, maximum speed of 50 m.p.h. and price of \$977. Also on display was Panhard, another two-cylinder car, which has a top speed of 55 m.p.h., costs about \$3,700.

The most startling car on exhibit was a stubby, dome-shaped auto that runs on electricity. Built by two French brothers, Maurice and Casi Loubière, the Symétric-Paris has a four-cylinder, 45-h.p. gasoline engine that turns a generator which, in turn, supplies current to four motors tiny enough to fit inside the wheels. If the cars were on sale to the public, the brothers estimate that the price might be about \$1,000, but the French Ministry of National Defense has other plans. It is putting the car through exhaustive tests that may result in its being adopted as the French version of the jeep.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Counter Coverage. Chicago's Carson, Pirie Scott & Co. became the first U.S. department store to sell all types of insurance over the counter. Shoppers can buy protection for anything from their cars to their lives, pay premiums through Carson's regular charge accounts and deferred payment plans. For 50¢ a week, a customer can insure himself (for \$500) against death while traveling. Another policy will insure shoppers' purchases before they are taken out of the store.

Sister Transistor. General Electric announced a tiny electronic capacitor that is designed to work as a companion to the transistor. About as big as a kernel of corn (and about a quarter the size of the small-



FORD ANGLIA



ROVIN



CITROËN



SYMÉTRIC-PARIS



Photos by Bowles
STANDARD EIGHT
The babies stole the show.

est capacitor G.E. has turned out so far), the new capacitor can store energy and release it later when needed. Made mostly of silver and tantalum, it filters electric current, eliminating interference and improving the tone of such devices as miniature radios and hearing aids. Price: about \$56.

Fish in Sticks. For a quick fish fry, Birds Eye brought out fish sticks (fresh fish coated with a special batter, breaded, fried, packed and then frozen) that take only twelve to 15 minutes to cook. Price of a ten-stick package: 49¢ to 53¢.

Caddy v. Keg. Atlanta's Atlantic Steel Co., a major U.S. producer of nails, began packing them in new fiberboard cartons instead of the familiar wooden kegs. Developed by International Paper Co., the Nail Caddy saves up to 25% in storage space, has markings top and side for easy identification, and weighs 3 lbs. to 4 lbs. less than a keg.

Thrifty Sponger. At the 1953 clinical congress of the American College of Surgeons in Chicago, General Mills demonstrated a new cellulose surgical sponge that can absorb as much as ten ordinary cotton gauze sponges. The sponges, which come in three sizes, take up only 1/20th as much room as regular sponges, can be rinsed out and used again during an operation. Price: 5¢ to 15¢ each.

Air-Conditioned Paint. A bright white paint that substantially reduces the temperature of metal and asphalt roofs in hot weather is being marketed by Coating Laboratories, Inc., of Tulsa. "Koolcote," which consists of four special pigments mixed with "activated" plastic, has kept a metal tank at a temperature of 99.5° in tests during 100.5° outside temperatures (v. 143° for a tank not Koolcoted). Price: about 6¢ per sq. ft. for steel surfaces, \$1.50 for the average roof.

Wonder Weaver. A new loom that takes many of the kinks out of textile production and promises considerable savings in the industry was demonstrated by the Hunt Loom & Machine Works of Greenville, S.C. Using oil-impregnated bushings and nylon gears, the loom needs no lubrication, thus eliminates the oil and grease stains usually splattered by conventional looms, and has an overhead blower system that sucks up lint and fluff. With 55 fewer parts than an ordinary loom, it cuts the cost of replacing parts 70% (as much as \$1,000 a week in a 2,000-loom mill), halves the cost of cleaning a loom from \$90 to \$60 a year. Hunt already has orders for more than 900. Price: \$1,500 v. \$1,250 for regular looms.

HUMAN RELATIONS

Making a Life

"Most of us have a job in which there are some eight halls that we're associated with," said Topeka's famed psychiatrist, Dr. William Menninger (TIME, Oct. 25, 1948), in a talk last week to a Chicago convention of 1,500 supermarket executives. Menninger had come to plead that U.S. industry, which provides first-aid stations for physical ills, should start pro-

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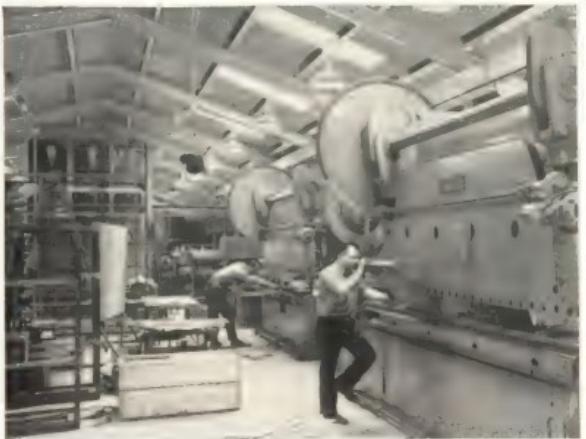
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says S. W. Soos, Jr.

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"There is less waste motion now that everything is right here on one floor. Post-free Butler construction also lets us place machines and materials for the most efficient work flow. Our employees appreciate the soft, natural light from the Lite®Panels, and the overall convenience of our new layout. Yet, the square-foot cost of our Butler steel building was considerably less than the cost of many common types of construction! Ease of expansion lets us add new space economically, too. We're adding another 36' x 216' section.

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viding the same service for emotional ills. "It is the smart man," said Psychiatrist Menninger, "who recognizes that all of us are a little queer at times." He pointed out that 70% of the people who have to be fired are dismissed because "of their social incompetence—not because of their technical incompetence. In other words, they can't get along with people—and that is why we can't use them. Yet so many times, of course, they can be helped."

Chronic Mistakes. Moreover, said Menninger, emotional troubles account for 85% of "stomach trouble" and a very large percentage of heart difficulties. "It is some 25 to 30% of the population who cause 60 to 100% of all accidents; they are the "accident-prone," related closely to "the mistake-makers that somehow or other keep on making the same mistakes again and again and again . . ." All of them are emotionally disturbed. "It is taken as a matter of course that cut fingers, broken arms and upset stomachs should have immediate attention. But it is seldom realized that prompt handling of an employee's emotional problems is an equally important factor in the prevention of serious mental ills . . .

"One emotionally disturbed employee can mess up a whole department, and if he is a supervisor or executive, his personal problems may extend their effects even further. Industrial disputes frequently arise or become aggravated by the mental ill-health of a foreman or department head . . . I am not limiting my remarks to psychotic patients in our state hospitals . . . Mental ill-health also includes such common problems as perennial trouble-making, goldbricking, inability to take or give orders, absenteeism, accident-proneness, undependability, querulousness and suspiciousness. In fact, these 'minor complaints' are its principal manifestations."



Mr. Soos is president of Lake Shore Electric, Inc., Bedford, Ohio.

Dollars & Cents. What is needed is an understanding by all executives of the importance of the emotional aspects of inter-personal relationships. "The most important factor that either makes or breaks [corporate relationships] is leadership—the job of understanding how people feel and think, because how they feel and think determines what they do . . . I don't care how many new lounges you put in the ladies' lounge room—or how many pensions or salary increases—the things your folks want most, you can't buy. What [they] want is dignity and confidence and belief in each other and integrity and understanding."

"The job can add so much, or subtract so much, from these emotional and psychological necessities . . . It isn't a matter of just human materialism . . . It's going to be an increased satisfaction to our customers, if we are happy . . . It's going to pay off in cold dollars and cents to management if we could put some of these general principles of values, human relationships, really into practice . . . It is going to make a lot more people have a chance not only to make a living but to make a life."

25
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MUSIC

Hit & Myth

Despite the S.R.O. signs, it looked as if the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company had got off on the wrong toe. For more than two weeks, the company, on its third visit to Manhattan (*TIME*, Sept. 21), staged some familiar oldtimers, but its new numbers were largely disappointing—and at times, plainly dull. Then, last week, Sadler's brought on another new one, a bucolic, mythological tale entitled *Sylvia*. "Magnificent," cried Critic Walter Terry in the *Herald Tribune*. "The ducal birthright of the ballet is made manifest." "A sumptuous extravaganza," announced John Martin in the *Times*. "An exemplary performance."

Sylvia was indeed a hit. For one thing, it moved to a perfectly lyrical score by the father of modern ballet music, Léo Delibes (1836-91). Delibes, a musical whiz-kid who was accepted at the Paris Conservatory when he was twelve, became a church organist in his teens, wrote his first stage piece (*Tufo Cents Worth of Coal*) at 10. He was a pupil of famed Adolphe (Giselle) Adam, wrote with a symphonic fluidity that made much of the ballet compositions of his contemporaries sound like music for setting-up exercises. In all, he turned out about 20 operettas and operas (including *Lakme*) and several ballets (*Coppélia* and *La Source*). For *Sylvia* (written in 1876), Delibes used a 16th century story of a Greek shepherd who falls in love with one of Diana's huntresses. She repulses him until the god Eros steps in. In a scene reminiscent of *The Perils of Pauline*, a robber khan ab-

ducts *Sylvia*, but with the help of the gods, and oblations from peasants, shepherds, and huntresses the lovers are united.

Sadler's Wells Choreographer Frederick Ashton tied music and story together with some first-rate dance inventions. Every leap and step, gracefully tuned in the 19th century romantic mood, seemed to move the story forward. True, Sadler's ensemble work was a trifle ragged as usual, but with feather-footed Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes in the leading roles, most of the audience minded not at all. For one of the few times this season, ballet fans greeted with ovations what they long ago came to expect from Sadler's: more than their money's worth.

New Pop Records

Premiered by Ellington (Capitol, 2 EPs). Eight famous songs, including *Star-dust*, *Three Little Words*, *Stormy Weather*, which first saw the light of night under the Duke's baton. Fine, swinging performances.

Woody Herman at Carnegie Hall, 1946 (M-G-M, LP). Fifteen rowdy and tender numbers played by one of the swingiest bands of all. Herman's 1946 "Herd," for all its size and precision, sounds as flexible as a small jam band.

Glenn Miller & His Orchestra (Victor, 14 EPs). This package should be to the Miller legend what Bulfinch was to the Greek. There are 50 numbers by the late famed bandleader and his polished crew, 31 of them dubbed from radio broadcasts; the rest are re-issues of familiar Miller disks made between 1939 and 1942. They are packaged in pigskin, with program



MARGOT FONTEYN & MICHAEL SOMES IN "SYLVIA"
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Felix Fonteyn



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notes (by Jazz Expert George Frazier) and drawings of Miller himself. Price: \$2.5.

New Orleans (Jo Stafford & Frankie Laine; Columbia LP). Two favorite singers blend their talents for a reminiscence of New Orleans. The Stafford-Laine city is a place of chimney sweeps (*Raminingay!*), gastronomy (*Jambalaya*), and nostalgia (*Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*, etc.). Some of the backgrounds give a jazzlike lift to the proceedings.

Embrace (Felicia Sanders; Columbia). A semi-French invitation to give the girl a great big kiss. Sung by up-and-coming Songstress Sanders (TIME, Aug. 3), it should climb well up bestseller lists.

My Love, My Life, My Happiness (Ames Brothers; Victor). A till-death-do-us-part ditty in a barbershop treatment by the popular Ames trio.

St. George and the Dragonet (Stan Freberg; Capitol). A parody of the portentous theme song of the radio and TV show, *Dragnet*, which comes on the heels of Ray Anthony's bestselling record of the same theme song (TIME, Sept. 28). The deadpan private eye, in this case St. George himself, sets out to haul in a dragon which has been devouring maidens out of season. On the reverse, Funnyman Freberg mimics the same crime-show mannerisms in telling the story of *Little Blue Riding Hood* ("the color has been changed to prevent an investigation").

You'll Have to Swing It (Ella Fitzgerald; Decca). The versatile Ella remakes one of Martha Raye's oldies ("Mr. Paganini, please play my rhapsody"), slips from sweet to husky to artless scat-singing without losing her solid beat.

MILESTONES

Born. To Esther Williams, 31, cinemerman (*Dangerous When Wet*), and second husband Ben Gage, 36, Los Angeles restaurateur; their third child, first daughter, in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Susan. Weight: 7 lbs. 15 oz.

Married. Joseph R. (for Raymond) McCarthy, 43, Republican Senator from Wisconsin; and Jean Fraser Kerr, 29, his research assistant for four years; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Dan McCarty, 41, Democratic governor of Florida since January, wealthy Ft. Pierce cattleman and citrus grower; following an attack of pneumonia; in Tallahassee, Fla. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Frank Munn, 58, Bronx-born tenor. "The Golden Voice of Radio" during the '30s and '40s; of a heart attack; in New York City. A policeman's son, he learned to sing by memorizing popular recordings, mimicking what he heard. As "Paul Oliver" on radio's *Palmetto Hour*, he became a nationwide favorite. In 1931 he dropped the pseudonym, and, never appearing on stage or screen, became star soloist on NBC's weekly *Album of Familiar Music, Waltz Time*.

Died. Edwin Joseph Cohn, 60, Harvard biochemist, who explored the structure of protein, identified and isolated many life-saving components of human blood; following a cerebral hemorrhage; in Boston (see MEDICINE).

Died. Edwin Powell Hubble, 63, noted astronomer, who first developed the theory of an expanding universe (1930); of a heart attack; in San Marino, Calif.

Died. Ernst Reuter, 64, Lord Mayor of West Berlin; of a heart ailment; in Zehlendorf (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Beatrice Ayer Patton, 67, widow of the U.S. Army's late great armor tactician, General George S. Patton Jr.; of injuries suffered in a fall from her

horse; in South Hamilton, Mass. Like her husband, Beatrice Patton was an outspoken believer in the strenuous life. She wrote a historical novel (*Blood of the Shark*), composed band music for her husband's tank units, helped prepare his pep talks to his troops. After Patton's death in 1945, she campaigned for universal military training ("It makes Americans out of all sorts of odds and ends").

Died. George Creel, 76, America's World War I propaganda chief and jack-of-all-public-affairs; of cancer; in San Francisco. As head of World War I's Committee on Public Information, Wilsonian Democrat Creel set out to arouse the home front ("Give me two weeks . . . and I'll change the so-called mind of the American public on any given subject"). After the Armistice, Author Creel freelanced in California, ran unsuccessfully against Fellow Muckraker Upton Sinclair in 1934 gubernatorial primary, later broke with the New Deal-Fair Deal, last fall headed northern California's Democrats for Eisenhower.

Died. Dr. Florence Rena Sabin, 81, one of America's first women scientists, who, at Johns Hopkins, probed the mysteries of the lymphatic system and the bloodstream (1902-25), went on to investigate new methods of combating tuberculosis, and in 1944 undertook a successful revamping of Colorado's ailing public health system; of a heart attack; in Denver.

Died. John Marin, 82, famed watercolor artist, regarded by many critics as America's greatest painter; at his seaside cottage in Addison, Me. A failure as a button salesman and later as an architect, at 38 he turned to art, opened his first big Manhattan exhibition in 1909, when he was 39. Marin scorned formal training and academic styles ("If you put on the paint right . . . it will tell its own story"), saw his vivid land- and seascapes sell for as much as \$10,000 apiece, kept hard at work until shortly before his death.



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Birthday of the Revolution

The revolution against "flatties" (two-dimensional movies) is one year old; 3-D, which temporarily saved Hollywood from bankruptcy and scared most cimemoguls out of their ulcers, began its second year last week. Cinerama celebrated its birthday playing to capacity crowds in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles. It had not only grossed a phenomenal \$4,300,000 but had also become a social phenomenon. Travel bureaus this summer were flooded with requests from people who wanted to see the original of what they saw in Cinerama: the Grand Canyon, the canals of Venice, the bull rings of Spain. Even the roller coaster at New York's Rockaway Playland—the opening attraction in Cinerama's two-hour documentary—had enjoyed a record year.

Real stereoscopic 3-D had enjoyed cometic popularity, but only as a novelty, mainly because Hollywood had merely thrown things at the customers and failed to provide anything much to look at through the polaroid glasses. Said one California sage: "Every studio in Hollywood agrees that the 3-D vogue is practically dead." Even the news from Washington that an inventor had patented polaroid sun glasses that can be changed with the flick of a finger into 3-D spectacles failed to cheer the true stereoscopists.

The first wide-screen CinemaScope epic, 20th Century-Fox's *The Robe*, was breaking box-office records all over the country. Manhattan's Roxy Theater reported a first-week gross of \$564,000. It was the same story in Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Kansas City and San Francisco. Foxmen dreamily talked of total earnings topping *Gone With the Wind*'s record \$35 million take. *Hollywood Reporter* Columnist Mike Connolly wrote: "The Robe just has to be the greatest grosser of all time. It might even outsell the Bible."

The California pulse-feelers debated how much of *The Robe*'s success could be credited to CinemaScope and how much to the lavish production itself and its smasheroo promotion campaign. A few suspected its triumph might be due to the simple fact that with all its spectacular slickness, *The Robe* was based on a great theme (Christ's passion) written by a popular storyteller (the late Lloyd C. Douglas). As Samuel Goldwyn remarked: "In any consideration of new dimensions for motion pictures, the fact still remains that the most important dimension is that of the story."

The success of the first movie in CinemaScope did not cause a rush to the CinemaScope bandwagon. At M-G-M, Paramount, Columbia, Universal-International and Warner, 3-D production was lagging. As one studio executive said: "We're playing it down the middle . . . Whenever the wind turns the fastest buck, that's the way we'll turn."

The New Pictures

Torch Song (M-G-M) should make a lot of Joan Crawford's fans uncomfortable. Joan is miscast as a belligerent music-comedy star who wears her heart on her fist; the fist is directed mainly at Michael Wilding. Fortunately, the camera decides most of the time that it is more fun to look at Actress Crawford's remarkable legs. Even this is an obvious mistake, for by reducing a performer of



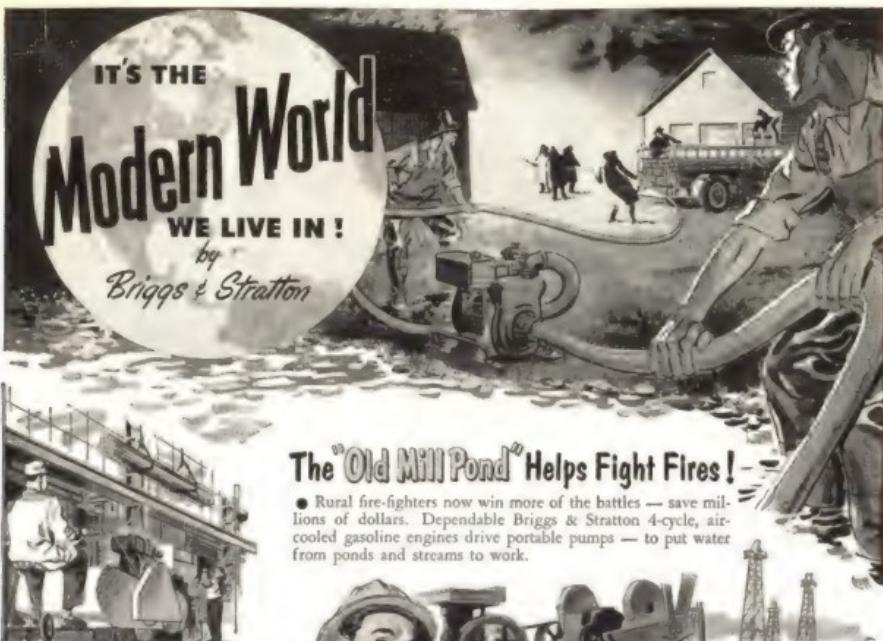
MICHAEL WILDING & JOAN CRAWFORD
A heart on her fist, an eye on her legs.

Joan's experience and hard-won skills to the cheesecake class, the picture stints her of the human qualities she has developed. Best scene: one in which Marjorie Rambeau, as Joan's mother, a merry old rump, hands around some free advice to her lovesick daughter, and then amalgamates a ten-oz. glass of beer in one unforgettable chug-a-lug.

The Captain's Paradise (London Films; Lopert) is a wonderfully funny little immorality play about how the Old Adam tries once again to have his apple and eat it too. The Adam in this instance is a middle-class Englishman who looks as safe as porridge—until the moviegoer looks again and sees that the part is being played by Alec Guinness, who, in recent films (*Kind Hearts and Coronets*, *The Promoter*), has been hilariously demonstrating that the dullest-seeming people may be the most fascinating monsters.

This time, Guinness plays the captain of a ferry steamer plying between Gibraltar and Morocco. A quite ordinary fellow to all appearances, he is what might be described as a commuting bigamist.

On the Gibraltar side, the captain goes soberly afoul from his ship to a conventional middle-class cottage. There he is



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cozily greeted by wife No. 1, a plain but devoted homebody (Celia Johnson) who puts out his pipe and porter, serves up his favorite dumplings, and answers dutifully to his call for "beddy-byes" at 10 p.m. Otherwise, as the captain explains, he would be "no use on the bridge."

On the African side, the captain quick-changes into dove-grey flannels and a snap-brim felt, darts to a waiting taxi and heads, by way of the flower shop, for a glassy sinful flat in one of the tonier hotels. There he is passionately greeted by wife No. 2, a sexy, black-haired baggage (Yvonne de Carlo) who throws the cootch around in nightclubs, guzzles champagne, and takes moonlight plunges in the Mediterranean.

So it goes for years, with nobody the wiser. One night with one wife, one with the other. "Two women," as the captain congratulates himself, "each with half of



GUINNESS & DE CARLO

He has his apple and eats it, too,

the things a man wants." It's all too good to last, of course—so good that it is worth the price of admission to find out what goes wrong.

As the captain, Actor Guinness is consistently at the height of his own special comedy style. Appearing to be acting not at all, he creates a sort of emotional vacuum at the center of his role into which the spectator's feelings are drawn. Guinness always waits that extra moment until his audience sees what obviously must be done, and then he does it, almost as if he were taking direction from his public. It is a remarkably effective technique, and never more so than when he unexpectedly crosses the audience up.

As the first wife, Celia (*Brie! Encounter*) Johnson is comfy mediocrity to the life; she is an impeccable actress who finds the center of human dignity in every role she plays, and from it moves out into comedy or tragedy with equal ease and grace. As wife No. 2, Yvonne de Carlo

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does the job of her life. For the first time a director (Anthony Kimmins) has understood that her exuberant wiggles, suggestive ogles and painted sneer of sexual overconfidence need only the least exaggeration to change a glamour girl into a raucously earthy figure of fun.

Mogambo (M-G-M) is jampacked with Technicolor shots of such splendid animals as lions, leopards, gazelles and Ava Gardner. The curator of this photogenic zoo is Clark Gable, pictured as a tough, conscientious "white hunter" who suffers a predictable attack of morality as the movie ends. Filmed in Africa, *Mogambo* borrowed its plot from the 21-year-old *Red Dust* (which also starred Gable, with the late Jean Harlow playing the Ava Gardner role). The dialogue seems to date back to an even earlier era than the original film.

Actress Gardner, cast as a sort of one-girl Friendship Club, arrives at Gable's African animal farm to keep a date with a maharaja. When she finds that her potente has gone back to the Punjab, Ava companionably moves in with Gable, only to have her idyl interrupted by the arrival of a British anthropologist (Donald Sinden) and his aristocratic, susceptible wife (Grace Kelly). On safari, the camera keeps one travelogue eye on natives, chest-thumping gorillas and the lush African landscape, but concentrates mainly on a heavy-breathing triangle involving Ava, Gable and Grace. After 116 minutes, the characters are sorted out again so that Ava gets Gable and Actress Kelly, chastened and repentant, goes back to her simple-minded husband.

Gable plays his he-man part with the bemused ease to be expected of a man who has done the same thing many times before; Grace Kelly's blonde beauty remains intact despite the remarkably silly lines she is made to say, and Ava romps delightfully with baby elephants and giraffes in the intervals between her pursuit of Gable.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Robe. The first CinemaScope film, a colorful, breathtakingly big production of early Christians in ancient Rome. Based on Lloyd C. Douglas' 1942 bestseller, starring Richard Burton, Victor Mature and Jean Simmons (TIME, Sept. 28).

Roman Holiday. Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert (TIME, Sept. 7).

The Cruel Sea. One of the best of the World War II films, based on Nicholas Monsarrat's bestseller and filled with the salt spray and shellbursts of naval warfare (TIME, Aug. 24).

From Here to Eternity. James Jones's wild (and sometimes woolly) novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

The Moon Is Blue. Disapproved by the Legion of Decency and the U.S. Navy, but a nice little comedy all the same (TIME, July 6).



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The French expression for love at first sight is *un coup de foudre*—a crash of thunder. When Jacques Rainier meets Ann Garantier at a carnival in Nice, the crash is shattering. Rainier is a one-armed French intellectual with a two-fisted attitude toward love and war. For 15 years—in Spain, the French air force, the R.A.F., the Maquis—he has been fighting “to defend a civilization which, from the Virgin Mary, Dante, Petrarch and the Troubadors . . . to the humblest of our movies . . . has always celebrated the cult of love.” Ann is a Hollywood movie star who seems frigid only because the right man has never come along to thaw her out. The emotional storm they generate is so electric that for two days they barely have time to eat.

In *The Colors of the Day*, French Novelist Romain Gary has written a rhapsody to love that is both lyrical and brilliantly orchestrated. At times, Author Gary allows his brilliance to run away with his common sense, and in overstating his case he undercuts it. But, for all that, he has a way with words, and he tells a long story with enough immediacy and warmth to recall the salad days to an octogenarian.

Man's Oldest Profession. Ann quickly learns that Rainier, an incorrigible idealist, is about to ship for Korea to fight Communism, and that she has a redoubtable rival: *“l'humanité . . . la dernière femme fatale.”* For though her lover bursts with poetic talk about keeping her happy, he is committed to “man's oldest profession, which is to be forever reaching for some distant goal of Justice and Liberty.”



NOVELIST GARY
Amorous democracy.

In short, as Author Gary acknowledges by quoting it, his hero is afflicted with the old Cavalier conviction: “I could not love thee, Dear, so much, Loved I not Honor more.” Explicitly, his duty is to keep making the world safe for the kind of love he lives for. Rainier rails at some of the practical aspects of such duties. “Oh you statesmen of bad breath!” he declaims. “How dare you spend hours in your councils listening to anything that is not a sound of a lover's kiss?”

Amorous Defense. Author Gary does not waste much sympathy on Ann's husband, Willie Bauché, who is having hives, hay fever and asthma at the thought of having lost her to Rainier. Willie is a Hollywood “universal genius” and triple-decker phony, not quite real enough to be “pathetic.” Willie finally hires a killer to get rid of Rainier. But the killer is killed himself, and Rainier goes to Korea, leaving Ann desolate but able to understand a bit of the old Cavalier compulsion.

Novelist Gary, who is also a professional French diplomat at the United Nations, has succeeded fairly well in portraying that complicated rarity, the intellectual cavalier. Also, no doubt of it, he has turned out one of the most amorous defenses of democracy in a long time.

The Wounded Egoist

THE ORDEAL OF GEORGE MEREDITH (368 pp.)—Lionel Stevenson Scribner (\$6).

The year 1850 flares up in English literature like a volcanic eruption. In that one year were published (wholly or in part) Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*, Thackeray's *The Virginians*, George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Darwin's *The Origin of Species*, Fitzgerald's translation of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. Almost ignored in the rush was a novel named *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, by one George Meredith. Today, nearly a century after, both Meredith and his *Ordeal* are still little more than names in an English syllabus, read only by confirmed Meredithians and by literary historians who devote their lives to tracing and piecing patiently together the links from which the chain of literary tradition and continuity is made.

Lionel Stevenson, biographer of Thackeray and professor of English at the University of Southern California, is just such a historian and a Meredithian to boot. His *Ordeal of George Meredith* is the first grand-scale resurrection of Victorian literature's most neglected writer. Other writers (including Henry James and Oscar Wilde) have briefly and brilliantly discussed Meredith's peculiar genius, but none has placed him in the great chain so accurately as Stevenson or studied his life and letters with such devoted care.

Meredith was a tailor's son, born in 1828. No biographer can tell much about his early years, for he covered those years with “an impenetrable cloak of silence.”



NOVELIST MEREDITH
Sardonic snobbery.

Bitterly ashamed of his parentage, he made a lifelong business of tailoring for himself an identity that better fitted his grand manner and handsome appearance. By the end of his life, he had done such a good job of costumery that he seemed to believe himself a nobly descended Welshman, and the phrase “these English!” uttered with a lordly snort, was his favorite expression of contempt.

Cast a Cold Eye. English literature owes a debt to wounded snobbery. Dickens never forgot the humiliation of working in a blacking warehouse; Trollope, of going to school in tattered trousers; Shaw, the comedown of being shifted from a “rich” to a “poor” school. Much of the greatness of these men came from their ability to cast a cold eye of ridicule on their own snobbery. But none of them went so far as the wounded Meredith in hailing satire of self as the first essential of “true human progress.”

Such a man, Meredith himself believed, can only be one whose emotions are under the complete control of the intellect. Meredith, more akin to Shaw than to Dickens and Trollope, became an intellectual comedian whose life was one long perpetration of jokes against his haughty self. His *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* sardonically recounted the misadventures of a proper Victorian young gentleman brought up in almost complete ignorance of sex. The hero of *The Egoist* was a young baronet of such absurd self-love that he delayed his marriage (and lost the girl) worrying that she might remarry if he died first.

George Meredith was hardly the man to translate his own exact misadventures into literal print, but he had enough of his own, at least, to stimulate imagination. One of them began when he married the daughter of Satirist Thomas Love Peacock and settled down to earn a living writing poetry.

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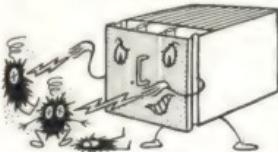
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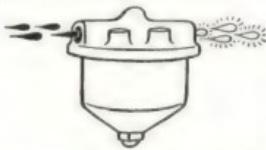
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than before, he turned reluctantly to fiction. For 30 years thereafter he slogged away, writing novels that nobody could understand and consoling himself with poems that only a few poets wanted to read. Typically, even George Meredith's everyday letters were written in a syntax so impenetrable that they needed a second or third reading.

When his sharp-tongued wife protested against their dolorous way of life, he retaliated savagely, and soon their love match degenerated into the biting, scratching partnership that Meredith described in the poem *Modern Love*:

Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dote.
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!

Mrs. Meredith ended the farce by eloping with a portrait painter. Meredith worked on alone for a while, a crusty grass widower. He became a reader for the publishing firm of Chapman & Hall, promptly turned down one of history's biggest best-sellers. Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne*. His acceptance of such newcomers as Thomas Hardy and George Gissing never attained the fame of his rejection slips, which turned back Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* ("Will not do"), and Shaw's early plays, *Caste*, *Byron's Profession* and *Immaturity* ("No").

"A Suit of Nerves." At 36, George Meredith had the good fortune to marry a second wife who paid no attention whatever to his endless sarcastic diatribes: they loved each other dearly. "[She is] a mud fort," he murmured contentedly. "You fire broadsides into her, and nothing happens."

The turning point, bringing fame and money, came with *The Egoist*, in which the humiliations of the vain man were described as never before or since. "A complete set of nerves not heretofore examined," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "and yet running all over the human body—a suit of nerves." "A young friend of Mr. Meredith's," Stevenson added, "came to him in agony. 'This is too bad of you,' he cried. 'Willoughby is me!' 'No, my dear fellow,' said the author, 'he is all of us.'"

Today, beyond his poems, it is *The Egoist* that stands out from all Meredith's works as the successful testament of his creed. It is also the key book in Biographer Stevenson's joining of the chain of intellectual comedy which runs approximately from Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, through Peacock's novels, down via *The Egoist* to much of Oscar Wilde, Shaw and even the early Aldous Huxley. And yet, Meredith remains as freakishly separate from these other links in the literary chain as does Thorstein Veblen in the chain of social philosophers—and for much the same reasons. He tried to depict life accurately, but, in Wilde's words: "His style would be quite sufficient of itself to keep life at a respectful distance."



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Coming of Age

THE LYING DAYS [340 pp.]—Nadine Gordimer—Simon & Schuster (\$3.95).

The heroine of this book is afflicted with a common ailment: growing up. Her ailment is aggravated by a special complication: South Africa and the drab gold-mining town from which she comes. The pains of adolescence are intensified by "the slow corrosive guilt . . . which, admitted or denied, is in all white South Africans," and by the fact that while the mine yields gold, the town offers only shale. Groping toward maturity, Helen Shaw supplies her own clinical study of her troubles in the first person singular.

At 18, she goes to the university at Johannesburg, meets a group of intellectual beachcombers and feels liberated from the shoals of convention. Soon she



Pierrotaku

NOVELIST GORDIMER
"Where do people like us belong?"

breaks with her family because they refuse to accept a black friend into the lily-white sanctity of their home. She moves into the apartment of a bohemian couple and from there to the arms of Paul Clark, "an enchanting talker" with a seductive face. She is happy because of "the intensity of my identification with living," and because her lover, who works for the Native Affairs Department, is "at grips with the huge central problem of our country in our time: something that had oppressed me not only in my intellect since I had grown old enough to have a concept of man's freedom, but in my blood."

At 24, she has seen a man killed in a riot, is disenchanted with the dangers of putting her ideal of freedom into practice, has fallen out of love and is escaping to Europe. "Where do people like us belong?" she cries. "Not with the whites screaming to hang onto white supremacy. Not with the blacks—they don't want us. So where?" But even as she leaves, she



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Like her heroine, Novelist Nadine Gordimer is a young (29) South African, and *The Lying Days*, her first novel, sounds as if it were filled with authentic echoes of autobiography. Novelist Gordimer has not yet learned how to bring characters to life, but she has skill in fitting words together and in expressing nuances of emotion. What she has to say may not be new, but she says it well and men of good will never tire of hearing it.

Salt-Water Dirge

THE WAY OF A SHIP (429 pp.)—Alan Villiers—Scribner (\$6.50).

The full-rigged, deep-sea sailing-ship is gone, perhaps forever, and the man who mourns her most eloquently is Australia-born Alan Villiers. Anyone familiar with his earlier books (*The Set of the Sails*,



VILLIERS & FELLOW SAILOR*
Down to the sea in an armchair.

Cruise of the Conrad's might suppose that Sailor-Author Villiers had unloaded his full cargo of grief and nostalgia, but not so. *The Way of a Ship* makes it clear that, after his seven trips around the Horn, sails will be flapping in his memory for life. A bit long on statistics, the book is nevertheless a fine armchair way of getting down to the sea in sailing-ships.

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* Captain Luciano Dentinho, commander of the Portuguese school-ship *Sagres*.

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Korea, the first jet-age air war: U. S. businessmen, as producers, organizers, taxpayers, and citizens, will find in FORTUNE's October "Defense & Strategy" department an illuminating picture of Soviet military technology, management, logistics, resources, and organization.

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Fortune

MISCELLANY

To Whom It May Concern . . . In Hailey, Idaho, the weekly *Times* carried this classified advertisement: "PERSONAL NOTICE: If the man who stole my wife at the celebration Monday will agree to pay her expenses, he is welcome to keep her as long as he can. But don't bring her back. E.K.S."

Age of Consent. In Columbus, Ohio, when James A. Mapes and Pearl C. Lapham applied for a marriage license, the clerk promptly waived the five-day waiting period, explained: "When a man is 83 and his girl friend is 73, they've waited long enough."

Prescription. In Philadelphia, Miss., the Neshoba County grand jury found the county jail in "a deplorable condition," suggested that "if it is necessary to put drunks arrested in it, they should be kept drunk so as not to sober up and realize the sordid condition of the jail."

The Defense Rests. In Raleigh, N.C., charged with drunken driving, Lawrence N. Davis told the judge that his car had been weaving only because it needed repairs, then proudly added: "I am one of the best drunken drivers in [the] county."

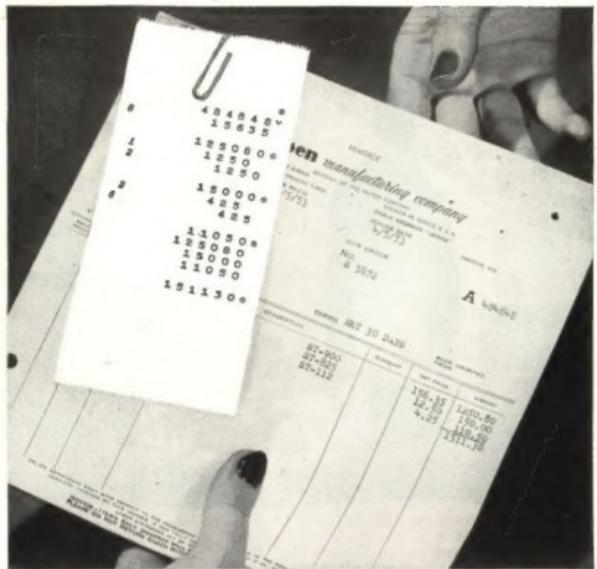
Exodus. In London, Ohio, Marion Greer charged his wife with "acting in a way tending to cause the delinquency" of his children, after she piled ten of the family's eleven children into his car, loaded it with clothing and canned goods, and drove off with a male companion.

Where There's Smoke. In San Diego, while Vincent Fugeredo stood by loudly protesting, sheriff's deputies investigated smoke pouring from his Cadillac, arrested him after finding 15 lbs. of marijuana smoldering beneath the hood.

The Obstacle. In Halmstad, Sweden, after his left ring finger was twisted by a neighbor during an argument, Amos Johansson, 55, sued for damages, won an \$80 settlement when he pleaded that his marriage had to be postponed because he could not get his wedding ring on until the swelling subsided.

Waitress' Day. In Kenosha, Wis., when Milton Hall, 23, entered her luncheon and threatened her with a pistol, Waitress Margaret Gresham talked him into pocketing the weapon, treated him to a cup of coffee, then called the police, who promptly came and arrested him.

Panacea. In Houston, the federal D.A. filed suit to seize and condemn 1,100 pills stocked by the McDonald Prescription Laboratories, Inc., which advertised that the product would temporarily relieve "physical strain . . . nervous tension, excessive alcoholism, loss of sleep . . . laziness," and would also make the user "feel good and look better and nicer."



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